Saturday Night

March 28, 1953 • 10 Cents

The Front Page

With Education Week saluted and forgotten for another year, people have settled down to more serious things, such as the policing of plays in Vancouver, the hiring of imported talent for the grandstand show at the Canadian National Exhibition in Toronto, and the wearing of ceremonial robes by the city council of Ottawa.

Education is, after all, a rather boring subject, except during Education Week, when mothers and fathers get a chance to chivvy teachers, eat tasteless sandwiches, drink miserable coffee, and exchange gossip. During the rest of the year, it is a matter best left to teachers, ministers of education and school boards, who can feud happily among themselves without stirring up enough of a fuss to promote them from the inside depths of newspapers to the front page.

It is a happy situation, because if people started worrying about education there is no telling what might happen. They might even decide that the educating of young people is really an important job, perhaps the most important there is, and that the young people should be taught to think for themselves as well as to memorize things and

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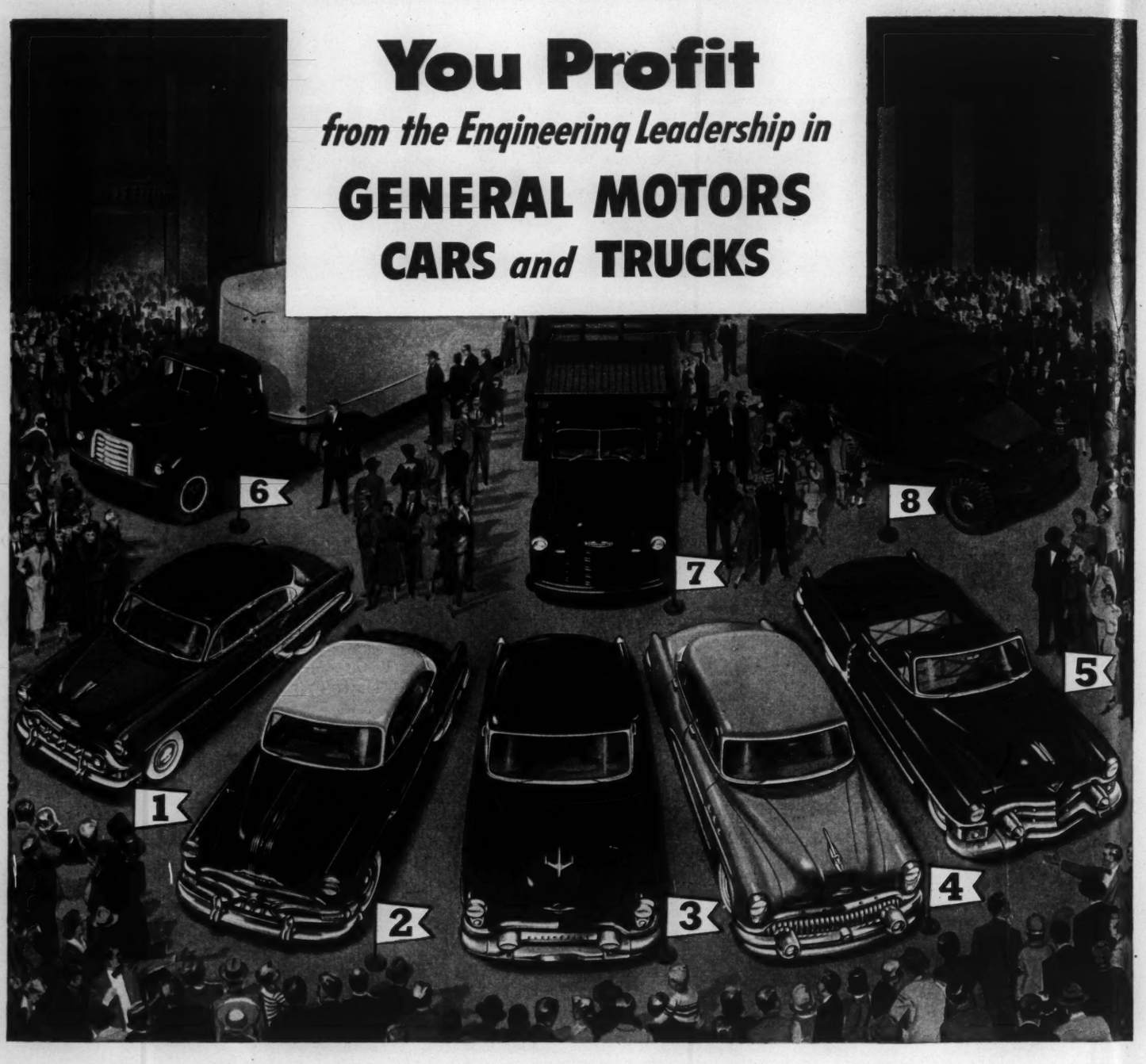
CLARE BOOTHE LUCE. "The Fair One from Fairfield" *(Page 19)*

You Profit

from the Engineering Leadership in

GENERAL MOTORS CARS *and* TRUCKS



The hundreds of technical men at General Motors have one job to do: They challenge old ways of building cars and trucks. Isn't there some better way to design this part? Or a way to cut costs on that operation, and make possible a lower price on next year's models? Isn't there some new way to improve standards of safety, comfort or driving ease still further?

And when a new answer is found, they challenge again. They challenge the new. They demand perfection before the new idea is accepted.

Canadians have come to expect that the genuine motoring advancements will come first from General Motors. It is only natural that they should.

1. Chevrolet's beautiful new Bel Air 4-Door Sedan
2. The new Laurentian 4-Door Sedan by Pontiac
3. The handsome 1953 Oldsmobile Super "88" 4-Door Sedan
4. Buick's brilliant 1953 CUSTOM 4-Door Sedan
5. The racy "62" Convertible by Cadillac
6. Powerful GMC "470" Heavy-Duty Truck
7. Advance-Design Chevrolet Medium-Duty 1700 Series Truck for '53
8. M-135, a 6-wheel-drive Cargo Carrier, now being built for the Armed Forces.

GENERAL MOTORS OF CANADA
LIMITED

OSHAWA, ONTARIO.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

use their hands, after a fashion — all of which would be revolutionary and would upset our pleasant way of life no end.

For the worriers, there are all sorts of dreary facts. There is a shortage of qualified teachers in Canada, and in two or three years this shortage will be desperate; teaching standards have been lowered to get more bodies in front of more classes; over 50 per cent of teachers have less than Grade XII standing; some college officials have said that less than half of the young people entering universities these days are ready for higher education.

All of these things, however, are of little consequence. All that matters, really, is that we put up enough buildings to hold the children for the required time each day, that we find enough people to give the youngsters some sort of instruction, and that proper consideration be given the sort of building to be erected—whether it should have acres and acres of glass, gymnasiums and tile floors, or should be a throwback to the little red schoolhouse.

The buildings are much more important than the subjects taught, and how they are taught, because it is important that we have all the outward signs of material success. A person is just another plumber or clerk or editor, but a building is something fine and solid; it is a lot more durable and it costs a great deal more to produce. When we learn how to produce people as efficiently and uniformly as buildings, functional in every way and fairly pleasing to the eye, we will all have a delightful time being nobodies in the midst of nothing, and no one will be bothered by dreary subjects like education any more. And that is where we are heading.

Three-hour Speeches

JOSEPH SALSBERG, the Toronto Communist who is a Member of the Ontario Legislature, talked for three hours in the Assembly the other day. The length of this oration drew much unfavorable comment, but apart from its waste of good time and trashy use of honest words, it did not disturb us too much. Three-hour speeches do not inflame and inspire, they merely bore; they send people to bed, not the barricades. We hope Mr. Salsberg will spend much more time making long speeches, because then we will know where he is and how little he is accomplishing for the cause he has espoused.

Talk with a Killer

WE HAD the pleasure of meeting a five-foot eleven-inch 195-lb killer the other day, and he described the bloody proceedings with grim relish.

"Once I decided to kill the girl," he said, "I began to prepare for it weeks in advance — nothing is ever done suddenly in this business. I brought her hair out of the tight bun in which it was styled. I made her soft and had her pat little children on the head. I made her so lovable, people were writing to say they were naming their daughters after her. Then—I let her have it."

The murderer was Milton Caniff, 46-year-old creator of the comic strip "Steve Canyon." He went on: "She was pushed off the back of a truck and I was careful to consult the Red Cross to find out exactly what to do next. I obtained from them a summary of the treatment the victim of a road accident should have, and I gave that treatment to her. It was all to no avail. She died. There was no hope for her really; it was a fatal accident, and she had to die.

"Next morning, I was still asleep when the telephone rang. It was the office calling. They wanted to know what they should do with all the flowers that were pouring in. And that wasn't the end of it. Condolences and wreaths continued to arrive for a week."

Mr. Caniff, while he was in Toronto, talked to students at the Central Technical School. Later we had a word with the director of the school's art department, Peter Haworth, who expressed a great admiration for the $100,000 a year cartoonist: "Mr. Caniff's work is well-conceived and technically of an extremely high standard. It's wholesome."

Cost of Government

SOME indefatigable statistician, who shall be honored though unknown, has found that the average Canadian last year worked 18 weeks for various governments, who nicked him for 36 per cent of his earnings. It works out this way: out of every dollar he earned, he paid 8 cents in direct Federal taxes, 17 cents in hidden Federal taxes, and 11 cents in provincial and municipal levies. Now we can manage only the feeblest of smiles when someone jokes about working to support a government; and we have a nagging feeling we should have another place set at the table for an uninvited and ghostly guest.

The Metal Hunters

PROSPECTORS — the real prospectors, who wander through the far reaches of Canada looking for underground wealth — are among our favorite people. When we first met the species, they travelled by canoe, by dog team and occasionally by plane and packed huge loads of supplies. They have speeded up their travel a great deal since then, and now they carry gadgets like magnometers and Geiger counters, but the breed has not changed; they are still breezy personalities. We verified this when they met for their annual conference in Toronto's Royal York Hotel the other day.

Mrs. Viola MacMillan, the diminutive (5 feet 2 inches) president of the Prospectors' and Developers' Association since 1944, was welcoming the wives. While we watched, she shook hands, at 12-second intervals, with 49 arrivals; some were already drinking tea, and there were still about a hundred to be greeted. Between handshakes someone told Mrs. MacMillan she did not look much like a prospector, and she was puzzled—"how should a prospector look?" She was a 21-year-old stenographer in a law office when she married George MacMillan and joined him in his search for precious metal. "I don't know about the looks, but a prospector nowadays has to know a little about almost everything."

Down on the convention floor, about a thousand men were listening to a lecture, wandering among exhibits with such titles as "cross section of a typical iron ore deposit", or stolidly watching prices flash across a specially-installed Dow Jones ticker. Bearded Albert Guest told us there were only two other bearded men at the convention, "but two of us aren't prospectors—we are pilots and we wear the whiskers because when you're flying up in the Arctic the cold seems to hurt the chin most." From his own observations, prospectors generally were not more hirsute than men in any other profession. "It's temperament, not appearance, that sets these fellows apart," he said, coming back to the subject which had puzzled Mrs. MacMillan. "They're people who like to be outdoors, who have a yen to see what's behind the next hill, and who keep young in spirit because they've found a way of combining their likes with their living."

Milne

Mrs. Viola MacMillan

Building Protection

THE COST of building is not the only problem for would-be householders these days; there is also the matter of the workmanship that goes into the building. Reputable contractors can be trusted to do a good job, but there are others who grasp every chance to diddle innocent and unwary citizens. Provincial authorities should be alert to this situation, and take steps to guard the public against fraudulent building operations.

In Ontario, A. J. Child, MPP for Wentworth, brought to the attention of the Legislature several instances of sharp or illegal practice. A contractor put in a fireplace without cement support; a man collected $30,000 in down payments and then vanished; one contractor got as far as digging several basements before using up the funds he had collected.

The licensing of contractors would do much to prevent this kind of fraud. It would not hurt the reputable builders, but it would weed out the dishonest and shoddy operators by setting standards of competency and financial responsibility.

The people who suffer from the activities of the sharpies generally are the ones who can least afford it. They do not have the knowledge or the time to check the progress of the building themselves, because the modern home is a complex structure, for all that its appearance may be attractively simple. One must know how to mix cement, how to balance stresses and strains, how to lay bricks and pipes, and how to do a dozen other skilled jobs, if one is to make a proper check on construction. The layman can look wise, but that is about all he can do, in most cases. He needs protection, and should get it.

This Odd Third Force

THERE HAS been much talk recently of a "third force" in international affairs. One of the more articulate advocates of the idea is Aneurin Bevan, the rebellious demagogue of the British Labor party, who argues that "for mankind it is necessary that there should be a realignment of forces of the world, that there should emerge a third bloc of nations holding the world balance of power and compelling the two giants (the United States and Russia), to listen to what they have to say." Another man who speaks in the same vein is Prime Minister Nehru of India, and there are many more, generally Socialists, who echo the opinion.

Those who advocate this third force like to talk of both Russia and the United States as nations whose policies derive from fear; but they never admit that their own plan is saturated with fear—of the aggressive ruthlessness of the Soviet Union and of the vital power of the United States. They are not so open-mouthed that they can swallow the whole dialectic of the Communists, but they would like to believe it a little bit, because they admire the theory of a controlled state. They fear the United States, not so much for the instability and political naivety they profess to see in it, but because of the tremendous energy of its economic system and the vitality of its society. A healthy, productive United States by example undermines their cherished theories of how a state should be governed.

It is prejudice which forces them into the wholly unrealistic position of proposing a "third force" of nations

The Front Page

who (in Nehru's words) "wish to work for peace and do not want to align themselves with any bloc." Neither Mr. Bevan nor Mr. Nehru has told how this force would exist in a world divided between freedom and slavery; they have not indicated where it would get the power to "compel" the two giants. One can only assume it would swing like a pendulum between the two, something like the man who gets drunk and beats his wife on Saturday night and then shows up, haggard but repentant, in church on Sunday, hoping that his piety for the one day will counterbalance the excesses of another.

Only prejudice could keep them from seeing that their third force—or fourth or fifth force, for that matter—would do nothing to swerve the Communists from their purpose, but certainly would weaken the alliance of those who are determined to oppose Communist aggression. The reality of today is that free nations, among whom the United States is the most powerful, are engaged in a struggle for survival. When a man is fighting off a thug, he cannot relax to ponder the anatomy of fear or the philosophic aspects of his enemy's reasons for attacking him; if he decides to use only one arm in his own defence, because he is only half convinced that the thug's intentions are evil, he is likely to find himself wholly dead.

Looking to the Future

WE FOUND the following in a column of classified advertising the other day: "A future millionaire will consider offers of employment, provided they are suitable and have no responsibility, enormously high wages and ridiculously short hours. All cheques under $1,000 will be returned." After looking at the Help Wanted columns, we're not at all sure that the advertiser was trying to be funny.

Practical Diplomats

A LIVELY editorial debate has followed criticism by Gordon Graydon, Progressive-Conservative MP for Peel, of the way the Department of External Affairs selects people for its staff. Mr. Graydon thinks the system of picking "career men" by competitive examinations produces too "academic" a type of representative, and there should be more "practical" men who are closer to the "fabric of Canadian life."

Those who oppose the Graydon thesis argue that diplomacy is no job for untrained and inexperienced amateurs, but requires a knowledge of languages, international law, history, economics, and often, military and naval strategy. Mr. Graydon's supporters are not impressed by this; the efforts of the specialists, they say, have not been particularly successful in the past, and men accustomed to hard-headed dickering in their daily affairs might well get more solid results.

Both sides have fallen into the error of generalization. In international discussions following intricate legal bypaths, it is obvious that someone must have a knowledge of international law; in trade discussions, there must be someone who understands the economics of the situation. At the same time, it is easy to get so involved in the technicalities, be so proper in regard for protocol, as to be blind to grass-roots results of whatever agreements may be reached.

If the system followed by the Department of External Affairs produces diplomats who have vast stores of knowledge but who cannot relate that knowledge to the daily living of John Doe in Calgary or William Smith in Halifax, it is not only expensive but dangerous, and we would be a lot better off with the "practical amateurs." But better still would be the development of "hard-headed practical professionals."

Opportunity Here

AMID ALL the wails about the lack of opportunity in Canada for young writers, actors, playwrights and similar creative artists, it is refreshing to hear someone take a different tack. David Conway, for instance, came to Canada three years ago, went back to England, and then returned here "for good." He wants to be a full-

Stara

David Conway

time playwright and producer, and sees more opportunity here because "there aren't as many around as there are in England."

We found him, a slim 155-pounder just an inch under six feet tall, working on a musical revue, a wry look into the future called *2053*, which is being presented by the Independent Producers at Hart House this Saturday evening. "It's a satirical sort of thing," he said, as he tugged at the scarf knotted English-style about his neck. "Women will be running things, with all sorts of regulations."

Right now, he said, he was "dabbling," but he has no doubt about where his future lies. Lancashire-born, he began his stage studies with the Maddermarket Shakespearean Theatre, Norwich, then took instruction at a Cheshire theatre from Fred Kay, who had directed the first efforts of an unknown named Robert Donat.

"Afterwards, I did various things. Ran a weekly newsletter, but it only lasted seven issues. Sang English songs for French audiences at Juan les Pins, and they seemed to like it, even if they didn't know what the words meant. It was all very pleasant—but the future is here."

Inhuman Gadgets

THERE IS no end to man's inhumanity to man. Not content with inventing things which intimidate whole populations, he pursues the fleeting pleasure and privacy of the individual with devilish ingenuity.

We learn now that an alarm clock has been devised, which keeps an electric eye on the sleeper and forces him to get out of bed and stay out. This inhuman watcher shoots out a light beam which keeps the alarm going as long as the bed is occupied. It does no good to shut off the alarm and leap back under the covers; the eye keeps watching for an hour after the set time. Sneaking a few extra minutes in bed after the clock's raucous warning may be a minor pleasure, but it is cherished by millions of poor souls who are happier asleep than awake. To rob them of those last delicious moments of doze is to send them out into the day embittered and blasphemous.

Another gadget to be dreaded is a tiny sound recorder which can be carried in the clothing. Its only use so far has been by manufacturers who want to know what people think of their products. Men called "opinion samplers" mingle with crowds at industrial shows and similar places and record the unsolicited comments of the people present. It is easy to see how this sort of thing could spread, until a person could not open his mouth without some diligent eavesdropper capturing the noise for posterity and the curious. There may come a time when all our conversation will be carried on by means of gestures.

Color in the Congo

THERE'S a young man going about the country these days busily preparing to go back to Africa to make recordings and color films along the Congo. He is 28-year-old Colin Macmillan Turnbull, who is free-lancing for the CBC and BBC, among other things, while he collects the equipment for the safari he will start next November or December.

He is looking forward eagerly to the trip. "I like Africa," he told us. "Most of it, that is. I exclude Egypt. I was travelling through the Sudan and Egypt, when we got lost in the desert. After a while, I found myself on the Red Sea, instead of the Nile. I was arrested as an Israeli spy, put in jail, then shunted up the coast for two weeks until I landed at the Egyptian military headquarters. I was released, but got arrested again in Cairo, for some reason or other, and was given one day to get out of the country. Oh yes, I got stoned by some villagers, too. Had a pretty thin time of it in Egypt."

How did he come to be in the Sudan? "I spent six months in Kenya and the Belgian Congo on my way home from India, and stayed for a while with the Pygmies in the Congo. Very interesting people, really." In-

Colin Turnbull

dia? "I had been doing two years of research into Indian philosophy and religion at Banaras University; made a couple of treks into Himalaya and took a look at the Tibetan and Chinese Communists on the India-Sikkim borders in 1951." He thought the research was a natural sequel to his study of philosophy and politics at Oxford and of Hindi and Sanskrit at London University's School of Oriental and African Studies.

"The places are interesting, of course," he said, "but I'm more concerned with the people, the way they live and think. The more I see of them, the more I'm irritated by the bland superiority assumed by people in the western world." For the past year he has been general secretary to Racial Unity, an organization founded by Mary Attlee (sister of the British Labor party's leader, Clement Attlee). It is an all-party effort directed against racial discrimination in Britain, and also toward better public understanding of colonial affairs.

Personal

IGOR GOUZENKO, who gives his interpretation of current Soviet policy on page 7, has done a remarkable job of mastering the English language since he walked out of the Russian Embassy in Ottawa eight years ago with the evidence that led to the great Espionage Trials. Only minor editing was done on the manuscript, which was written exclusively for SATURDAY NIGHT. Mr. Gouzenko, whose whereabouts are still a closely guarded secret, has just completed a long novel built around the death of Gorki (who became the subject of a famous Soviet trial of "doctor-murderers" some years ago) and titled "The Fall of a Titan." He expects it will be published later this year.

Letters

Causes of Divorce

YOUR CORRESPONDENT, W. Kent Power, QC, rightly attacked our outmoded divorce laws, but surely he could have gone into the causes for divorce a little more closely. It is my belief that the extent of marriage breakdown is due (a) to inadequate preparation for marriage: among other causes, to ignorance of the physical facts of life on which marriage depends and of the mutual adjustments of the sex relationship proper to marriage; (b) to the lack of knowledge of the purposes which marriage should fulfil in the life of those who contract it and in the life of the community: viz, fellowship and parenthood in the first and the stability of home life and the nurture of children in the second; (c) to failure to recognize the binding character of the marriage relationship. Marriages fail because of a lack of sympathy, unselfishness, intelligence and, above all, of loyalty on the part of the husband or wife.

Niagara Falls, NY. RICHARD WOOD

THERE is the economic aspect to divorce. There should be an economic bill of rights for women. The traditional status of wives and mothers should be reviewed. The economic dependence of the wife on the husband is one of the most insidious factors leading to trouble in the home. Husband and wife should be recognized by law as joint owners of the matrimonial home and of the income of both. The sum to be spent on housekeeping should be jointly agreed. The contents of the home should be joint property. Husbands and wives should be obliged to disclose their income to one another, and, to insure this, both husband and wife should be required to sign the income tax return. In the event of a divorce, the income and savings should be shared between husband and wife, having regard to particular interests of the children.

Saskatoon MARY BATTEN

IT IS the duty of each parent, when disharmony arises, to go much more than half way to appease the other in order to preserve the home for the sake of the children.

Toronto JEAN CLARIDGE

Royal Nonsense

ALL THE hysterical guff emanating from the forthcoming Coronation in Britain emphasizes how silly and snobbish people still are. The constant references to the Coronation in newspapers and magazines, on radio and TV, the avidity with which manufacturers have seized on the event to help push their wares, are tiresome enough; but what must offend any sensible person is the fuss made about the event itself . . . The monarchy is a useless relic of the ignorant past, and we might as well recognize that fact.

Nothing is more pitiful than the efforts of the apologists to justify the place of the British monarchy in today's world. The Crown is pictured as a sort of mysterious symbol which holds the Commonwealth together; without it, we are told, terrible things would happen. What would happen? I venture to say: nothing. Britain might lose some of her sentimental hold on the colonies and the rest of the Commonwealth, but that is all.

The Monarchy is a legend. Its value is a myth, and myths die hard. It is a bit of nonsense perpetuated by people who like pomp and ceremony. No sensible person can justify its place in a democracy — and democracy can only reach its fullest flower in a republic where no man is separated from another by a phony title. I have nothing against Queen Elizabeth and her handsome husband, or any other one of her fine family, but the Commonwealth countries deserve to show what true republicanism is.

Britain has a good thing in the Coronation. It will earn Britain plenty of dollars. Well, let Britain keep its good thing. Canada is too young, too promising a country to be saddled with useless sentiment.

Toronto D. E. LIVINGSTON

Education's Place

IN EDUCATION'S PLACE in a New Age, (March 7) Lord Russell shoots an arrow in the air and it falls in precisely the same spot as a quiverful of similar shots on the subject. Great literature, survey courses in history, "knowledge and beauty and wisdom"; all the tired old nostrums are trotted out. The glow of long-held public esteem has made Lord Russell philosophically drowsy; he is nodding by the fire of his own achievement. Platitudes of pragmatism! Dull dogma, indeed! Any number of small children playing Shakespeare, any number of adults so familiar with great literature that it "enters into the texture of their everyday thoughts", any amount of "knowledge and beauty and wisdom" (at least, he spared the capitals) somehow smacks of staggering irrelevancy before the awful reality: that the law of the jungle has become the code of nations and men and that, in a perverse and twisted revolt against evolution, man has become a jungle animal.

Ottawa THOMAS W. VAN DUSEN

Flattered and Amused

I WAS flattered to find in Frank Morriss' article on Lady Tupper—(March 7)—that I was considered in Winnipeg to be her match in mettle, and I was amused, as I am sure she will be, to learn that anyone wondered what would happen if we were locked in a room together. We were alone together often and I never had better company. I never had from her, and she never had from me, anything but friendship, a friendship that, as occasional letters show, has never waned. On my part there was also esteem for her wit, spirit and vivacity. I should not dream of objecting to humorous speculation of the kind mentioned, but I am writing this to prevent misunderstanding. Of Lady Tupper I have none but the happiest recollections.

Toronto NANCY PYPER

Rainmaker

YOU HAVE made the statement . . . that "the earth gets its fresh water only from the clouds, as rain or snow". For eleven years I have been operating a rain-machine of my invention which will produce increased rainfall scientifically . . . The power of this machine produces an electro-magnetically-gravitational pull on the moon as a medium to draw air currents, rain clouds and rain from the Pacific Ocean and the Gulf of Mexico to areas in Saskatchewan, Alberta, and Manitoba. It is, in principle, applying gravity as a means of power to draw the rainfall from its source of origin, the sea, inland . . .

And it is through the operation of this machine that the record wheat crop of 1952, in Western Canada, was produced.

Regina, Sask. DONALD S. JOHNSTON

Complacent Attitude?

I HAVE READ your article on Change of Accent . . . In your last paragraph you say that nowhere in the world is English spoken more distinctly than here. It is true that there is not the diversity of dialects as in some countries, and is distinct if one knows that "didja" and "jever" mean "did you" and "did you ever." Don't you think that this is a somewhat complacent attitude to take, as invariably when a man is taught to speak in public he has to learn what he should have learned in the earlier grades in public school?

I am a Canadian of the third generation and am quite familiar with the Owen Sound and Western Ontario accent and do not consider it Standard English by any means. The teachers of English are not doing a very good job. They too may consider English spoken musically as by the well-educated British as slightly high-brow . . .

Toronto J. PERDUE

Reporter's Reply

THIS WRITER takes strong exception to an editorial in your issue of March 14 which commented on news reports of the *Telegram* and the *Star* relating to labor leaders' reaction to the federal budget.

In the editorial headed "Different Versions" you reached this conclusion: "It was obvious that the newspapers once again were fitting their 'news' to their own political loyalties, a procedure which may give them some satisfaction but which does nothing to promote the idea that news should be reported accurately and without bias."

Permit me to quote evidence given today by the two labor leaders mentioned in your article regarding the treatment of their statements in *The Telegram*. Ford Brand, vice-president of the Toronto and District Trades and Labor Council: "Remarks attributed to me in *The Telegram* article were substantially as I gave them." J. D. Buchanan, AFL Milk Drivers' Union: "My remarks were published in *The Telegram* just as accurately as they possibly could be."

Your criticism is a direct attack on my integrity as an objective reporter, and that's what I resent. The above evidence was available to you at the expense of a telephone call.

Toronto Telegram FRED JONES

Arguing a Case

IN FAIRNESS to your readers you should explain that Mr. Sedgewick was arguing a case (against CBC control of television); that for many years until his recent resignation he was counsel general for the Canadian Association of Broadcasters, and that he has a personal financial interest in private broadcasting . . . Having interviewed his taxi-driver, Mr. Sedgwick is able to report that the Canadian people want privately-operated TV . . .

If the members of the Massey Commission can be criticized as being too academic, perhaps it would not be unfair to suggest that Mr. Joseph Sedgewick is not in a position to offer a disinterested opinion.

Toronto ALBERT A. SHEA

Critical Confusion

I WAS fascinated by Marshall McLuhan's article "Comics and Culture." It must be wonderful to know so many big words even if one doesn't know their meanings, and to be able to change prosaic things like cinema and radio into exciting concepts like "the mechanization of the spoken word and bodily gesture." In exactly the same way the motor car becomes the mechanization of the human body.

How wonderful also to have revolutionary ideas such as "The newspaper is a(n) . . . art form . . ." Newspapers may be a part of culture in the broad sense, but they are not art in any sense. This critical confusion of culture with art runs through the whole article.

Peace River, Alta. J. LAW

Reviewing Pest

I WAS interested in the article The Literary Life by Hugh Garner, but think he left out one of the greatest reviewing pests of them all. This is the person who merely copies huge gobs of material from the book-jacket, which leads the author to wonder if the reviewer bothered to read the book at all. Naturally this type of work is not paid for; is there any reason why it should be?

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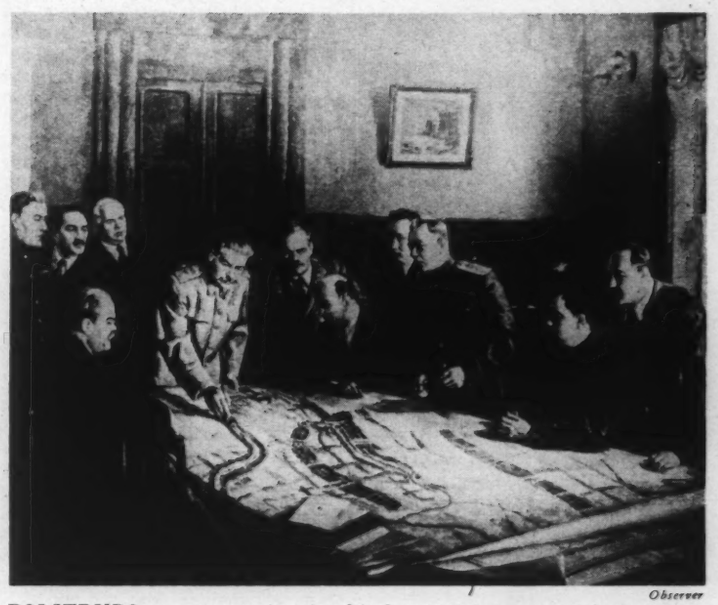
TORONTO

Soviet Anti-Semitism As I Know It

By IGOR GOUZENKO



Observer

POLITBURO group portrait painted in late 1949 is interesting because careful protocol accurately shows the successors to Stalin, seated, left to right: Molotov, Beria, Malenkov. Other top men today are extreme left, Bulganin, and extreme right, Kaganovitch.

THE ANTI-SEMITIC outburst in Soviet Russia gets a big play in the Canadian press, and that is understandable. The new policy is the biggest manoeuvre by the Soviet leaders since they introduced Russian nationalism as a war policy in 1941. As that policy affected the course of the war, so the new Soviet policy will affect the cold war, meaning it will affect everybody in the world, not only the Jews.

In this sense, the great attention which the democratic press has been giving to the anti-Semitic campaign in Russia is fully justified. The trouble is that events in Russia are often interpreted in the wrong light, to judge by many of the articles I have read so far.

To begin with, almost everybody has interpreted the new Soviet campaign as a manoeuvre to win over the Moslems. This is absolutely wrong. The Moslems, the Arabs, come into this by accident, not by design. Events have proved already, as could be expected, that the break with Israel has not won the Arabs; on the contrary, it has frightened them, reminding them once more that Soviets give their "friendship" to small nations only so long as it serves Soviet interests.

I have no doubt that if there were no state of Israel and no dispute between the Arabs and the Jews in that area, the anti-Semitic campaign in Russia would be just as vicious and as all-embracing as it is now. It is not the Arabs that the Politburo members are worrying about, but their own skins. Their campaign against the Jews is an outgrowth of the internal situation in Soviet Russia.

The second wrong interpretation placed on the Soviet anti-Semitic outburst, particularly by Zionist authors, is that the Soviets were always anti-Semitic. As a proof of this, the incident in which Lenin refused to admit the Jewish *Bund* to the Social-Democratic Party in 1903 has recently been quoted in SATURDAY NIGHT. But Lenin did this—with the approval of a great many Jewish colleagues—not because this group was Jewish, but *because it was a Bund*, putting its own interests ahead of the party's.

This was a political step, not a nationalistic one. To say that the Bolshevist leaders at that time did not recognize the Jews as a nation is also wrong. Of all the nationalities of Russia, none benefited from the Revolution more than the Jewish. In contrast to the restrictions and persecution which the Jews suffered under the Tsarist regime, the Bolshevik Revolution gave them complete freedom, much more in fact than any other nationality, including the Russians.

But any national group which tried to preserve any slight independence from the party was treated exactly as was the *Bund*. Stalin, as Commissar of Nationalities after the Revolution, broke up many nationalist organizations in the Caucasus, including his native Georgia. To accuse Stalin of "anti-Georgianism" because of this would obviously be stretching things too far.

Some say that during the purges of 1934-1938 a great number of Jews were shot or sent to Siberia, and interpret this as anti-Semitism. This is also a wrong interpretation. These purges were a political manoeuvre of Stalin's to consolidate his own power, and had no nationalist aim.

The best proof of this was that during the purges, and later, many Jews remained in high position. As an example from my own experience, half the class of the Architectural Institute in Moscow, where I studied in 1938-1941, were Jews. Almost all responsible positions in the Party, the Young Communist League and the Unions were occupied by Jews. The party secretary of the Communist Committee of the Institute was Jasha Naumov, a Jew. The secretary of the Young Communist Committee was a Jasha Lifshitz. The Chairman of the Union was one Salomon Shertopal and more than half of the members of the above Committees were Jewish.

The situation was much the same in other offices, factories and institutes. To say that the Jews were persecuted at that time would be very wrong. In contrast to the Russian Orthodox Church, which by 1938 had been practically destroyed, most of the Synagogues were still open.

Officially, the Jews were not persecuted. On the contrary, they had quite a few advantages over Russians, and it is precisely this situation which led to the revival of anti-Semitism among the Russian people. But this new anti-Semitism was expressed in mild forms, for fear of government retaliation. It was expressed only in conversation among close friends, in telling anti-Semitic jokes and in some cases, when there was a chance to get away with it, in physical combat.

It is important to note that these popular anti-Semitic feelings were almost inseparable from anti-Soviet feeling. The people, particularly the less-educated, considered power, authority and Jews as one. In the villages it went even further: there all city people were referred to as "Jews". Quite often a man from the city, such as a propagandist, even though he was Russian, would be called by the kolchoznics among themselves "that Jew".

SUCH WAS the situation before the war, and there was no sign of any change coming. In fact, in the first days of the war, probably because the Nazis were so anti-Semitic, the position of the Jews even improved for a while. But only for a while. Characteristic of this period was a meeting during the first days of the war of all the Jews of the Architectural Institute, who were informed by the secretary of the Party Committee, a Jew, that since they were the first target of the Germans, they should unite in face of danger, to help each other.

This was a quite unprecedented meeting, obviously permitted only by a high authority. It was during the first days of the war that Lazar Kaganovich was appointed Minister of War, and Mechlis, who was given a funeral in the Red Square last month, was made a high commissar of the Red Army. These were short-lived appointments: these Jews in high place were too easy targets for German propaganda to the Soviet soldiers and were quickly replaced.

The real turning point in the Jewish position in Russia, it can be seen now, came when the Politburo introduced the policy of Russian nationalism and played down the theme of Communism. Soviet propaganda put the war on a nationalistic basis, as a *Russian* patriotic war against the German invader, not as a defence of the Communist state. The policy of Russian nationalism released forces of anti-Semitism which before had been kept below the surface, and during the war they grew to such proportions that for the Politburo to ignore them would have been too dangerous.

The war itself stimulated anti-Semitism. Millions of Russians, Ukrainians and other nationalities were at the front, in close contact with each other. Facing the danger of sudden death every day, they were more outspoken than before, at home. What they had been afraid to say before, they now said openly, even in the presence of political commissars.

This attitude soon spread to the rear. The expression of anti-Semitic sentiments became the style among officers, as an indirect expression of Russian nationalism. Slowly, secretly, the Soviet Government began to yield to these feelings. At that time orders were issued that no more Jews should be placed in high positions. The quota system was introduced in the universities and other educational institutions. Very slowly yet persistently, Jews were taken from secret jobs, such as in Intelligence HQ. At this time the secretary of the Party Committee of Intelligence HQ and the Assistant Chief of First Intelligence HQ (Milstein), and others were Jews.

Meanwhile, a more open anti-Semitism was raging at the front. There were many cases in which Jews were shot in the back by Russian soldiers, or sent on obvious suicide missions by officers. One of the former students

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(Note: This article was in our hands before the death of Stalin, but Mr. Gouzenko has since written us that the succession of Malenkov confirms the continuation of the anti-Semitic policy. The inclusion of the sole remaining Jewish member of the Politburo, Kaganovitch, in the inner cabinet of five, must be viewed as deference to Stalin's wishes, as they were brothers-in-law.)

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A. E. MACDONALD, DEAN

of our class, Vitaly Hussid, a Jew, was shot in the back, as I learned afterwards from a common friend.

The best illustration of the character of this anti-Semitism on the Soviet front was a story told by Major Romanov, secretary to the Military Attache in the Soviet Embassy at Ottawa. He had been at Stalingrad in charge of an Intelligence detachment. He bragged openly to us that he, personally, had shot seven Jewish soldiers who, as he said, were afraid to cross the lines on a reconnaissance mission. He added: "I also shot 43 Russians, so that nobody would accuse me of anti-Semitism."

It is obvious that the Politburo saw danger for themselves in this development. Anti-Semitism had taken on a political character; it was welded with anti-Soviet feeling and therefore threatened their very lives. It was to save themselves, and not to court the Arabs, that the members of the Politburo introduced at the end of the war an almost open anti-Semitic policy.

They were in a hurry to associate themselves with the rest of the people, by saying to them in effect: "Sure, we don't like Jews any better than you do. Can't you see, we have limited their chances for advancement, for education, etc.?" It was at this time that they coined the word "cosmopolitans"; but, significantly, they did not use the word "Zionism", though they were well on the way to anti-Semitism.

This was only the beginning. The next step by the Politburo was to direct this anti-Semitism against the West. The anti-Soviet character of the anti-Semitism of the Russian people was to be shifted to an anti-Western character.

In doing this, they also are preparing the Russian people for the eventuality of war, preparing to put their war propaganda on a nationalist basis, as proved so effective during the last war. "The Jews are your enemies. The Jews are ruling the Western nations, therefore by destroying the West, you destroy the Jews." This is, roughly, the reasoning which the Soviet leaders are trying to give their people.

It is only to confuse the West that they camouflage their obvious anti-Semitism with an anti-Zionist coloration, and gave an elaborate funeral to the Jewish commissar, Mekhlis. The fact is that now Romanov could shoot more than seven Jews without bothering to shoot Russians. He would simply call the Jews "Zionists", and "Imperialist American spies and saboteurs". One can call it anti-Zionism if one wishes; but it is Jewish blood that is flowing now in Russia.

What will be the further trend of anti-Semitism in Russia, and what significance has this for the West? The Jews, as a people, will not be eliminated right away in Russia. To do this would be to destroy the excuse for anti-Semitism. The Jews will instead be subjected to a slow, more elaborate elimination by trials and persecution, the final, hysterical phase of which will only be reached on the eve of the next war. When the Soviet press uses the word "Zhid" (Yid) for the first time, the West can say: "The end is coming for the Jews in Russia, and war will start any time now."

Meanwhile, thousands of Jews in Russia will perish in concentration camps or in torture chambers of the secret police, as victims of the Soviet regime.

It is only realistic to look upon this manoeuvre of the Soviet Government as a drastic measure to consolidate its power, by associating itself with the dark forces of anti-Semitism among the Russian people, trying to give to this an anti-Western character.

As a war policy aimed directly against the West, this planning has far-reaching possibilities. The war against the West, when it comes, will be presented as some kind of "holy war" against world Judaism, as the last war was heralded as a patriotic war against "the ancient enemy of Russia, the Germans".

Such a realistic appraisal of recent events in Russia would help the Western nations to take the right course without being confused by the Soviet press and without being bewildered by a "mystery wrapped in an enigma."

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They Say:

Cornwall Standard-Freeholder: The North Pole has been reached and crossed so many times that all the fun has gone out of it. However, the National Geographic Society reminds us that no one has ever gone underneath it in a submarine. Sir George Hubert Wilkins tried it in 1932 and failed. There's an idea for some red-blooded adventurer that wants to try something almost completely useless.

Calgary Herald: We do not pretend to know how Ross Thatcher, CCF MP for Moose Jaw, ever became a member of the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation, still less how he remains one; but we hold Mr. Thatcher in very high regard. In the past few months, he has given voice to more good sense about the need for genuine economy in government than all the other members of the House of Commons put together.

New York Times: In preparing coffee, the same hand which draws the bath or waters the garden should not be the one to fill the percolator. That hand should have the delicate touch of the musician, the restraint of the diplomat, the competent sureness of the airline pilot. Pouring water into the percolator is no job for the amateur, and the pity of it is that so many amateurs still try it.

The Observer (London): A policeman who looks like a soldier, with a revolver conspicuously holstered at his side, is a very different figure from the unexcitable, slow-treading constable we know. It is largely because the police appear among us in this unaggressive guise that relations of friendly confidence exist between them and most citizens. Unarmed police, besides making—as a rule—the apprehension of criminals a less violent and dangerous business for all concerned, has a quieting, civilizing influence on the community.

If Memory Serves

No More Songs About The Suwanee

THE three of us ambled down the street, munching the stale biscuits and trying not to lose too much of the dry icing. We were pretty shabby looking, even for November 1933, but there was an excuse for it, for Michigan and I had been riding the tops all the way from Cincinnati. We'd picked up Brownie in Memphis, and we'd spent the night before in the pumphouse in Yazoo City, Mississippi.

Now we were in the state capital, Jackson, and the biscuits we were eating had been bought with part of a dollar I had found beside the Illinois Central right-of-way that morning.

Brownie was on his way home to Waycross, Georgia, but Michigan and I were beating our way out to California, where you could pluck oranges from the trees, and maybe, if you were lucky, you could get in the movies or even find a job hoeing weeds in a truck garden.

It was noon hour and the high-school kids stared at us as they passed on the sidewalk. Usually they'd laugh at Brownie's battered fedora hat or Michigan's ragged sweater coat, but a couple of them snickered at my cap that had the top pinned flat along the peak, as we used to do with our caps in those days. Brownie gave a couple of girls the razzberry, and once Michigan yelled to a crowd of punks across the street, "What are ya staring at! You bunch a' town stiffs!" We were only kids ourselves, but riding the freights for the past couple of years had made us as old as we'd ever get.

The South was a bad place for a hobo during the depression; if you didn't starve to death you landed in a county chain gang. Michigan had done sixty days, the year before, in a Louisiana parish prison camp, and he had the shackle marks to prove it. He was afraid of Louisiana, but he just used to say that he hated it. The states I hated were West Virginia and Oklahoma: the first because I'd done seven days on a vagrancy charge in the town of Keyser, and Oklahoma because I didn't like Oklahomans.

"I don't like these nigger states," Michigan said. "There's nothing in them but Dr. Pepper signs, trouble, an' hominy slum in their jail-house dinners."

"There's nothing up in *De*troit either," Brownie answered. "An' it's too cold in the winter."

Before crossing from Pennsylvania into Maryland a few weeks before, I had had no preconceived notions about the South, but I agreed with Michigan now. The seven days in the West Virginia county jail had soured me forever on the Blue Ridge Mountains, and the odor of magnolias had evaded me amid the stink and poverty of most Southern small towns. The Negroes were no longer a down-trodden minority, but a torpid mass of black humanity who were guilty of a servile deference when they were alone, and of a gratuitous insolence when they were in the majority.

We made our way through the dusty streets to the Illinois Central railroad yards and found the hobo jungles jammed between a stream bed and the railroad through-track. Our bellies were full from the feed of stale biscuits, and we felt satisfied and lazy in the afternoon sunshine. There was quite a crowd of hoboes, both white and colored, sprawled around on the cinder-filled grass, and several of them were washing their shirts in the stream.

"Where you boys heading?" asked an old guy who was lying on the ground with his head pillowed on his bindle.

"I'm an anthropologist gathering material for my PhD thesis," Michigan said. He didn't trust old guys and he always answered them like that; Michigan was a freshman alumnus of Wayne University, but you'd never have guessed it from his appearance.

The old hobo muttered something about "too many gay dogs on the road these days" and turned his back to us.

After we'd arranged ourselves on the grass and cinders Brownie said, "I'm taking a drag going east at five o'clock."

"Back to good old Waycross eh, Brownie?" Michigan asked.

"Yeah, an' I'm gonna stay home this time."

"Have a square meal for Canada an' me when you get there," said Michigan.

There was a small crowd gathered around a fellow sitting on his haunches under a concrete bridge farther along the stream, and Michigan and I walked over to see what was going on. The fellow squatting wore a veteran's button and an iron hand encased in a brown leather glove. Every once in a while he'd glance shifty-eyed at the faces in the crowd and ask who wanted to lay a little bet on a card game.

He placed a deck of cards on the ground and flashed a wad of money tied together with an elastic band. Then he threw the money down beside the deck. There was a five-dollar bill on the outside of the roll, and it looked like more money than I'd earned since leaving school three years before. He asked somebody to shuffle the cards, and Michigan stepped forward and riffled them a couple of times, placing them back on the ground, upside down. Old One-Hand lifted the top card, showed the face of it to the crowd, and apparently without looking at it himself, placed it back on top of the deck. It was the Jack of Clubs.

"Any bets, boys?" he whined. "Ah'll bet fahv ta one ah kin tell you what cahd is on top."

There was a shuffling of feet in the crowd, and I wanted to bet my remaining half-dollar. One of the hoboes bet a quarter.

"Anybody e'se?" One-Hand asked, turning his head around and whining to those behind him to quit crowding so close. While he had his head turned away, a fellow kneeling near him plucked the top card from the deck and placed it, face down, beneath his knee.

One-Hand turned around again and said he'd even bet *ten* to one that he could name the top card in the deck.

The guy who had hidden the card under his knee threw down a dollar bill. Then a big Negro wearing blue denim overalls and a denim jacket unpinned two one-dollar bills from inside his shirt and said, "Mistuh, I'se bettin' two!" His big black face wore a look of anxious anticipation, and I hoped he'd win, and thought of all the cotton he'd picked to earn the two dollars he was betting now on the turn of a card.

"Theah's plenty uh money in that theah roll," One-Hand said. "Anybody e'se want paht of it?"

A hobo with a bindle slung over his shoulder shoved his hand into his pocket, then changed his mind and pulled it out empty again.

"How 'bout you, boy?" One-Hand said to the big Negro. "Two dollahs all you kin affohd?"

The Negro looked about him at the empty faces of the crowd. He wanted to show them that he was a man of substance, but he craved some assurance that he would be doing the right thing. Michigan said to the one-handed guy, "You got your bets. Turn over the card." Some of the crowd mumbled impatiently.

"In a minute, boys," One-Hand whined. Then he said to the Negro, "Ah'll put up ten dollahs against that theah satchel you got."

The Negro looked at the bag resting at his feet, and smiled nervously at those nearby. Another Negro standing behind him pushed his arm, and some of the fellows nodded their heads. He stared at One-Hand's wad of money lying on the ground and slowly placed his cardboard suitcase in the middle of the group of watching men.

"Any mo', boys?" One-Hand whined.

Several voices shouted, "Tell us what card it is!"

One-Hand said, "It's the Jack uh Clubs, boys."

Almost everybody but the Negro and One-Hand laughed at the way the dealer had been tricked, and they slapped each other on the back. The Negro ran forward and snatched the top card from the deck and stood staring at it through a pair of eyes that bugged to twice their size. We pressed forward then and saw that it really was the Jack of Clubs. Somebody else picked up the card that the guy had hidden beneath his knee; it was the Eight of Hearts. The Negro ran every card in the deck through his hands, but there were no duplicates. His eyeballs rolled in his head as he watched One-Hand pocket all the money, and his lips trembled as the sharper opened his suitcase and pawed through the contents. Slowly he elbowed his way through the gang of men, and staggering under the enormity of his loss, made his way up the shallow bank to the railroad yards and disappeared along the tracks. Some of the hoboes jeered at him, feeling happy now that they had been too broke to play or else had resisted the urge to gamble.

Michigan walked up to the card sharp and said, "If you'd ever pulled that on me I'd have killed you." He was trembling with anger as he said it. One-Hand whined something about it being a game of chance, and together with the guy who had hidden the top card, and who now carried the Negro's suitcase, he headed along the yards.

Michigan took me by the arm and

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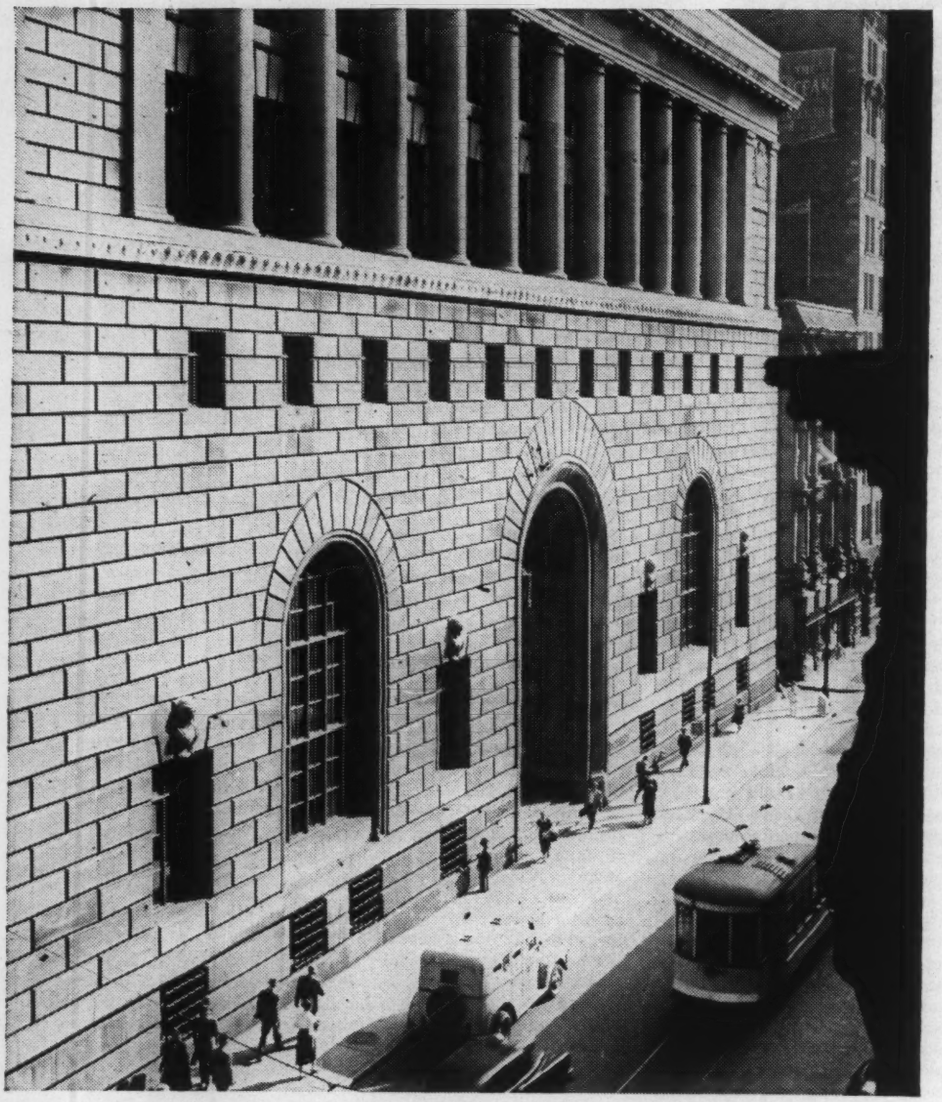

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said, "Come on, Canada, let's get out of this town before I get sick."

"How does he do it?" I asked.

"Easy. He picked up *two* cards from the deck and flashed the face of the second one to the crowd. Then, when he turned his head, his shill hid the top one under his knee, and later made a sign to One-Hand letting him know that the second card was the Jack of Clubs. Naturally, this was now on top of the deck, and he was home free."

"I felt like betting against him myself," I said.

"I know you did, but I'd have stopped you. I've seen that one-handed scissorbill operate before."

We could hear a commotion from down the yards, and we saw a gang of hoboes running as if they were being chased by every railroad bull in creation. We noticed the card sharp and his shill leading the stampede. One-Hand was the whitest-faced hobo I'd seen in months, and as he passed us he was blubbering with terror and his iron hand swung at his side like a pendulum. The other fellows were scattering in all directions.

"The nigger's coming with a razor!" somebody shouted.

Z-z-z-zing! A bullet whined overhead, and we knew it wasn't a razor. Michigan and I jumped behind an old cast-iron boiler that was imbedded in the ground, and huddled together, afraid to look out to see what was happening.

We heard five more shots as the crazed Negro emptied his gun, and when we finally looked out he had turned around and was clambering up the bank to the yards. He must have fired the shots into the air, for nobody was hit.

The other hoboes lifted themselves up or reappeared from their hiding places under the bridge. Some of them shouted that the nigger had a lot of crust to fire on a white war veteran. One-Hand kept crying, "Ah was on the Argonne, boys!" A big gang of them, led by the card sharp, set out on the run to catch the Negro, now that his gun was empty. Among the leaders was our friend Brownie. The Negro would have got away but he tripped on a tie crossing the yards. The mob caught him and he was soon hidden beneath their stamping, kicking feet.

Michigan said, "Let's get out of here," and we walked across the yards to the ice-house platform and jumped aboard a westbound freight that was ready to go. As we pulled out of the yards we could hear the approaching wail of an ambulance siren from the direction of town.

"Lousy, dirty crackers!" was all Michigan said.

He must have jumped from the box-car in Vicksburg, before we crossed the Mississippi into Louisiana during the night. When I awoke in the morning I was alone, and the train was halted in a railroad yards. The sign on the station platform said Shreveport, Louisiana. A few miles ahead lay Texas, and farther still to the west was the State of California.

When I returned East the following spring, I cut north through Kansas City and St. Louis and avoided the South completely.

HUGH GARNER

Letter from Washington

Budget Headaches in the USA

IN THE CANADIAN news that has been most avidly read here of late is about the Canadian income tax cuts. It has caused much watering at the mouth, for just about all hope has been abandoned for a United States cut this year. Yet nearly everyone who voted the Republican ticket last fall thought that he was voting for early income tax relief. When the Eisenhower-Nixon team won, therefore, the average citizen could almost taste the cut he thought would come.

Members of the House of Representatives, who are closer to the people because they face the people at the polls every two years, were quick, of course, to demand tax reductions. The first bill introduced in the House in January called for income tax cuts beginning July 1, and the bill immediately won the approval of the House Ways and Means Committee even without benefit of the usual hearings.

The Administration was embarrassed, for it has learned rather rapidly the hard fact that balancing the budget is not an easy task. President Eisenhower has had to speak with some force about the heavy financial burdens the Government must bear, and he has had to forget the implied promises of his campaign that government spending would be promptly and drastically reduced, and taxes would go down accordingly.

This first fiscal—or political—crisis of the new Administration provides a dramatic illustration of the difference between the United States and Canadian budget problems. Here the fiscal views of the Administration are almost never fully approved by Congress. Nearly every President finds that Congress wants to cut his appropriations unduly while at the same time it refuses to grant his tax recommendations.

More than one Washington official has been heard to say that if only the Administration could present an overall budget, in the way it is done at Ottawa or London, life would be so much simpler and more orderly. But no one here would seriously propose that the reform be made, for it is unthinkable that Congress could be persuaded to abandon any of its authority — and it is the pre-eminent authority—in the tax and appropriations field.

If the Administration could make its budget recommendations with some assurance that they would be approved by Congress, Secretary of the Treasury Humphrey might have been able to get down to brass tacks in his conversations with R. A. Butler, the British Chancellor of the Exchequer. As it was, Mr. Butler did most of the talking and Mr. Humphrey asked a few questions.

No one expected that agreements would be reached during the visit of Mr. Butler and Mr. Eden, but it is true that the British visitors were surprised at the state of unpreparedness of the Administration to talk about trade and tariff matters.

The truth is that the Administration is divided on the question, just as the Republican majority in Congress is divided; but while the Republican majority in Congress is strongly protectionist, the Administration majority leans in the other direction. However, it would be unwise to conclude that there are not powerful pulls on the Administration in the direction of protectionism.

The President provides the chief pull in the opposite direction, and he is known to have intervened at one stage of the talks, after his Secretary of Commerce, Sinclair Weeks, had talked too much like Senator Taft or Senator Millikin. The President ordered that no doors be closed against the British requests and that sympathetic consideration be given the "trade, not aid" theories of Mr. Butler.

WHEN THE Chancellor spoke at the National Press Club, he won a warm ovation. Washington reporters previously had wondered why some of their London colleagues wrote of Mr. Butler as a possible future Prime Minister. After he had spoken, it was clear that he had the attributes of a political leader. He talked with frankness and boldness on a number of controversial issues, and he showed intimate knowledge of his subject as well as political shrewdness.

He was much more enthusiastically applauded than Mr. Eden, who spoke at the same luncheon. But Mr. Eden was unable to talk with the same frankness. Mr. Butler was in the role of a lawyer arguing a case, with few secrets to hinder him. But Mr. Eden was on a diplomatic mission. His task was to win the confidence of the President and Secretary of State. Apparently he succeeded in doing both, and he left with an unexpected admiration for Mr. Dulles.

There was considerable strengthening of relations as a result of Mr. Eden's promise to stop bunkering satellite ships headed for China, and to stop British ships from taking on strategic cargoes destined for China. While the damage to be done the Chinese Communists by these orders will be relatively small, still a somewhat greater burden will be placed on the trans-Siberian railroad, which now carries between 70 and 80 per cent of the goods China imports. Thus, the effect will be felt in Moscow as well as in Peiping.

Of perhaps greater importance, however, is the psychological effect in the free world. Mr. Eden undoubtedly had his eyes more on American public opinion than anything else, and the moves unquestionably will help strengthen Anglo-American relations at a time when doubts existed on both sides of the Atlantic. Moreover, the psychological effect on other maritime powers who usually follow the British lead will be significant, according to Washington officials.

All this means that if further steps are taken to block strategic shipments to China, one of the chief arguments for a naval blockade will be nullified.

A publishing event of considerable interest took place in the United States on March 16 when the Harvard University Press released the *Holmes-Laski Letters*. Critics immediately began denouncing and praising the letters. Harold J. Laski is not a popular figure in this country, but Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes is greatly revered. Their correspondence began in 1916 when the Justice was 75 and Laski was 23 and it continued for nearly two decades.

Laski's brilliant, egotistical letters to Holmes and Holmes's sharp and pungent replies fill two volumes for a total of 1,650 closely-printed pages. This reader found them fascinating, despite a certain amount of fiction in the Laski letters. But for intellectual attainment, they are not quite on the same high level as the *Holmes-Pollock Letters*, published in 1942 and also scrupulously edited by Mark DeWolfe Howe. Sir Frederick Pollock, another English friend of Holmes, had none of the personal failings of Laski and perhaps even greater learning.

CARROLL KILPATRICK

Little Rock, Ark.—(AP)—A married legislator proposed a tax on Arkansas bachelors recently.

Representative James R. Bruton introduced a bill which would:

1. Define a bachelor as "a male person 21 or older who is unmarried or who is not living with his legally-wed spouse."

2. Levy a tax of $750 annually on "all bachelors resident in Arkansas."

Revenues from the bachelor's tax would be credited to the child welfare fund "for the specific use of caring for illegitimate children who are wards of the State Welfare Department."

The bill was referred to the committee on conservation of natural resources.

—Montreal Star

Where it will go into the fertility file, no doubt.

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If I am not superstitious, as I have twice previously stated, I can forget about Norway. But did not a very wise person once say, that we must not criticize the Gods too much, and to ignore an incident, which may or may not be coincidental, you know what I mean the finding of that old copy of *Holiday* with its story on Norway, where I found it, and to ignore the finding, would not that be a brush-off of Norway, and a criticism of the Gods, whose Vikings may be watching Norway, and me, from a corner of their eye, in Valhalla? *—Ray's column in Canadian Moving Picture Magazine.*

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Music

The 'Cello Commands the Orchestra

EVERY MAN has his favorite musical instrument. Sometimes he likes it because of its appearance as well as its sound, as many people have admired the strong feminine curves of the violin. Or he may like it for some favorite strain which happens to be played upon that instrument.

I knew a man who loved the *cor anglais* above all other instruments of the orchestra. Most of the rest of us have found ourselves rather cast down by its dry lugubrious tone, pitched in the dead ground between the bright oboe and the dark bassoon. But this man was so enraptured by the plaintive shepherd's piping that Wagner uses in *Tristan and Isolde* that he transferred his affection for the music to the odd sober-sounding instrument that produces it.

Taste in all things is cultivated and this fellow had wisely cultivated his own taste the way it suited him, and I hope he was well pleased by it. His favorite instrument was not likely to become sour in his ears through playing displeasing music, for Wagner's use of the thing, and the odd passage here and there in a symphony are about all that anybody has been able to make of it.

Sometimes, again, a man will like an instrument for sentimental associations, like the girl who fell in love with the bugler, and marched with him, enchanted by that brazen raving of the notes of the common chord, until her head split at the eyebrows and the top came clean unhinged like the top of a boiled egg at breakfast.

And how many of us have expressed pious yearnings toward the sackbut and psaltery, without thinking that one is a trombone and the other a kind of thing you bang with hammers. As for the harp, its associations with Paradise have long made it irresistible, to say nothing of the opportunities it used to afford young ladies to exhibit their hands and wrists.

But if use alone and the sound should make us incline to any instrument, then it must be one of two in the orchestra: the horn or the 'cello. And with Miss Zara Nelsova's recent radio series of the 'cello sonatas of Beethoven fresh in our ears, I must for the moment incline in favor of the 'cello (though the time will come when I shall declare myself for the horn).

The 'cellist can claim that his instrument has all the visual beauty of the violin; and indeed in the Beethoven 'cello sonata in A major, I sometimes wonder if that wonderful soaring tune that breaks over at the top into a curling cluster of grace notes, is not the 'cello itself rising from its deep, full body, up its slender neck, and closing with the scroll that brings its beauty to an end in a whirl of wood.

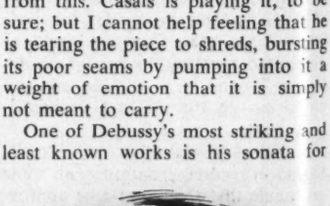
Aside from its appearance, the 'cello commands the orchestra by its use. It lies low enough down to be part of the bass; in other words, to know the solid bones of the music, to lay out the foundations, and expose the plan. From Bach to Duke Ellington, the great practitioners of the art of music have built up from the bass, rather than down from the melody, as people who pick out tunes with one finger do. The 'cello is pitched deep enough to help form the bass, and while the rest of the orchestra is busy up above, the 'cellos many a time are pacing out the dimensions of the building and seeing that all is true.

While the bass may be the most vital part of the music, it may not always be the most interesting, and certainly it is pleasant to get away from it once in a while. Here again the 'cello has the advantage. No instrument compares with its strong masculine voice. The greatest melodies of Schubert's *Unfinished Symphony* are given to the 'cellos who can move like the angels freely between earth and heaven. No wonder, then, that this great instrument has had so much excellent music composed for it.

BEETHOVEN began to beat out his last style in two of his 'cello sonatas. Bach wrote six suites for the unaccompanied 'cello; or rather, the music can best be played upon a modern 'cello. These works lay neglected for years; as Pablo Casals, the greatest living 'cellist, said a little while ago: "Bach had something to say and said it, and put it in a drawer."

Haydn wrote a 'cello concerto, and so did Dvorak. To my ear Dvorak's concerto is one of the best things he wrote; a great deal better than any of his symphonies (except the *New World* one), and miraculously suited to bringing out the voice of the instrument. By the way, this concerto has been well recorded several times. So, for that matter, has a 'cello concerto by Boccherini. But stay away from this. Casals is playing it, to be sure; but I cannot help feeling that he is tearing the piece to shreds, bursting its poor seams by pumping into it a weight of emotion that it is simply not meant to carry.

One of Debussy's most striking and least known works is his sonata for



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'cello and piano. It is not remarkable that this fine music should be written for such a fine instrument. What is remarkable is that it should not be heard more often. It is laid aside, along with much more similar work for relatively unusual solo instruments, and it is only by the greatest effort that an artist who loves his instrument can persuade an audience to come to his recitals.

We have become accustomed to symphony music. The radio and the phonograph have done the trick. What used to be the special pleasure of the few has now become the general pleasure of the many. Even the string quartet is being heard in the land from time to time, and every week there are dozens of piano recitals.

But this is not all the music that there is. Heaven forbid we should dig up rotten music merely because it is neglected. It may be that its neglect is richly deserved. But this 'cello repertory is not rotten music; it is great music and we could hear it, and quantities of music like it, for much less cost than it takes to run a symphony orchestra. The small town that cannot afford a large orchestra can afford a concert series of good assorted soloists.

The Beethoven 'cello series has given us an inkling of the kind of music there is waiting for us to hear. Composers have been more diligent in writing than we have been in listening. But nothing can be done without an expectant audience. The choice is really up to us.

LISTER SINCLAIR

•

A Sounding Brass

For lack of love a platform and a
pair of sturdy brogues
and the mind nibbling at knowledge.

Let us consider the migratory birds,
the grosbeak, the gold-caparisoned
finch;
the Peloponnesian war; Plato, my
dears,
his tidy pigeon-hole Utopian state.
Let us with shears
snip neatly 'round the ragged edge of
truth,
consolidate, compend,
pursue the vague allusion to its source;
build on the rim a many-faceted house
but trim withal.

In subterranean halls is a voice crying,
faint, but it will not cease.
The bread you offer is dry,
unpalatable.
Never from the stalk the grain, only
the husk.
Never from the flagon wine, only the
scent.
And a light once glimpsed extinguished
out of fear.
It was too bright, too bright. I was
afraid.

The mind nibbling at knowledge like
a mouse,
Knowing not the wild fruit; or the
heart too shrunken to eat.

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Ottawa Letter

Dreariness and Smugness in Debate

THE DEBATE on the Budget reached a stage of boring dreariness by the time some seventy members had contributed their mites of wisdom or foolishness to it. All the relevant arguments had been worn threadbare and there was no profit in its prolongation. The parties in opposition, while their criticisms have not been in unison, are all agreed that it is a bad Budget, one which shows decided favoritism to the more prosperous classes and confirms their conviction the Government has little concern for the economical administration of the country's affairs.

Most of the critics of the Ministry made good use of the ample ammunition available to them and none of them employed it more effectively than the stormy petrel of the CCF, Mr. Thatcher of Moose Jaw, who curiously combines a great aptitude for extracting a large income from the capitalist system with a profession of zeal for its destruction.

The Government and its supporters have argued that the Budget is proof of their wise stewardship of the national finances, and that by it a substantial measure of relief, equitably distributed, has been given to the taxpayers of Canada, who ought to be properly grateful for it. Very few of the Cabinet arose to defend the Budget and both Mr. Abbott and Mr. Howe, who undertook this task, adopted a very cavalier attitude toward the criticisms of the Opposition. They were serenely complacent that the Government's management of our finances could not be improved upon, and the charges about wastefulness and extravagance were, in light of the vast commitments of the Government, just too petty and trivial to be worth bothering about.

It is not to be expected that Ministers in command of an overwhelming majority would ever profess publicly penitence for their errors and follies, but if some of our present rulers would only realize how their incurable smugness irritates the public, they would perhaps reach a mood of becoming humility. They deserve the famous rebuke given by Oliver Cromwell to a group of Scottish clerical zealots, to whom he said: "I beseech you in the bowels of Christ, think it possible you may be mistaken."

British Spokesman

RT. R. A. BUTLER, the British Chancellor of the Exchequer, has come to Ottawa and gone, leaving a very favorable impression behind him. Coming from a line of famous scholars and himself a product of Eton and Cambridge, where he achieved high academic distinction, he has a first-rate intellect and a sanely progressive outlook, and his approach to domestic and international problems is realistic.

He lacks the personal glamor of Mr. Eden, but he has a much better brain and a surer touch in handling delicate issues. In political ability, vision and courage, the late Sir Stafford Cripps was his peer, but there was in Cripps an impatience with mortals of inferior capacity, from which Butler is wholly free, and he has therefore found it easier to establish sympathetic relations with politicians and officials on this continent.

We are assured by his public pronouncements and the bald official communiqué that his discussions with our Ministers were immensely profitable, that they approved thoroughly of the decisions reached at the earlier conference at Washington between the British delegation and the Eisenhower administration, and that their cordial cooperation would be given in the studies proposed in the Washington communiqué of March 7, whose objective is effective progress toward greater freedom of trade and in exchange of currencies.

Mr. Butler's speech to the Ottawa Canadian club and his Trans-Canada broadcast were alike impeccable in their form and content. There was the usual dose of flattering compliments to the Canadian people, which all eminent visitors from Britain feel it necessary to administer, but there was also an interesting and candid account of Britain's difficulties, accompanied by a modest claim for credit to the Churchill Ministry for a substantial measure of success in tackling some of them by drastic action.

Mr. Butler, however, was emphatic that he and Mr. Eden had crossed the Atlantic, not to seek help in fighting a crisis, but to give a lead in the evolution of policies which would open a new chapter in international economic relations. What Britain wanted was "trade, not aid."

Reports from Washington indicate that the British delegates concentrated their energies mainly upon a forceful appeal to the Eisenhower administration for a wholesale change in American tariff policy, which would enable Britain and other countries of the sterling area to enlarge their exports to the United States to a level which would enable the present huge gap of disparity in the exchanges of the two great trading systems of the free world to be bridged, and thereby facilitate such a recovery of strength for sterling that it could once more become a freely convertible currency. Their proposals, said Mr. Butler, envisaged "a long-term strategy — not something which can be accomplished in one short visit or even in a few months."

Now it happened that the British appeal for American cooperation in this strategy coincided with an impressive agitation, led by important industrial and business magnates like Henry Ford, for a comprehensive revision of American tariff policy on liberal lines. The report of an investigating body of economic experts called the Bell Committee has fortified this agitation by supplying convincing evidence that the liberalization proposed was desirable, not merely for the salvation of the European democracies, but in the long-term interests of the United States.

It seems highly probable that President Eisenhower and his administration are sympathetic to the idea of a downward revision of the American tariff, but they have to reckon with a very hard core of high protectionist sentiment in the Republican party, and with the wrath of isolationists like the redoubtable Colonel McCormick over any concessions to a British appeal for co-operation.

So the fate of the liberation of international trade which the British Government desires, seems to depend upon the willingness of the Eisenhower administration to risk a bitter split in the Republican party, and it will ponder long and deeply the full consequences of a reversal of that party's traditional policy before it takes this risk. But, if it elects to face it, and carries out with the Democratic help which will be essential, a drastic modification of American trade policy, this move will pose a very serious problem for both the Liberal and Progressive-Conservative parties of Canada, and their leaders would be well advised to engage in some clear thinking about the reshaping of policy which would be forced upon them.

Mr. Butler refrained carefully from delivering any lecture to our Government about its trade or other policies. He did suggest that Canada was not making much contribution to the recovery of Britain's economic health, when she was today securing a much smaller share of her annual volume of imports than before the late war. Specifying some of the lines in which British exporters had gained ground in the Canadian market and hoped to gain more, he declared that "nothing is more important" for Britain than a substantial increase of her exports to Canada. But will any of our political parties take the risk of antagonizing their industrial supporters, some of whom are at present applying steady pressure at Ottawa for higher

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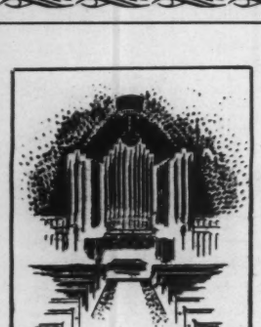

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protection, by sponsoring a trade policy which would enlarge the inflow of British exports?

Was it foredoomed by fate and inevitable that the British peoples should be condemned, as they are today, to the role of lesser stars revolving in subordinate positions around the orbit of the mighty political planet known as the United States? Alfred, Lord Milner, has now been cold in his grave for 25 years, but he, almost alone among the statesmen of the British Commonwealth, foresaw that, if the British peoples were to continue to exercise a powerful and beneficent influence in the affairs of this world, there must be achieved some efficient coordination of their policies. Years ago he delivered this grave warning:

"The decisive factor is the question of time. It is inconceivable that the British race, which with all its faults has never been lacking in fundamental sanity, should throw away the advantages of its unique position in the world, of its hold on five continents, of its possession of economic resources more vast and varied than have ever before fallen under a single control, when once it is fully realized what that position means. But its meaning is not easily brought home to a number of separate democracies, living at distance from one another, confronted with very different problems, and each naturally absorbed in its own affairs."

But what Milner thought inconceivable has actually occurred. The Commonwealth has remained a loose uncoordinated organization, and the result, plain to see, is that the British nations are now more or less satellites of the United States, unable to embark upon policies essential for their prosperity without its approval and cooperation.

JOHN A. STEVENSON

•

(From Hansard)

MR. FOURNIER (Hull): On a point of order, I would like to know what we are discussing. Are we discussing a point of order or the resolution? What is this, anyway?

MR. BROWNE (St. John's West): If the Minister of Public Works cannot understand my language I cannot do anything to help him.

MR. FOURNIER: What are you talking about?

MR. BROWNE: I am trying to explain for the benefit of everybody. For the benefit of the minister I will start all over again.

MR. FOURNIER: I hope the hon. member will not be permitted to repeat what he has said, Mr. Speaker.

MR. BROWNE: The Minister of Public Works did not understand it. What am I going to do? I should like everyone to understand it.

MR. FOURNIER: I do not try very hard to understand what you have to say.

•

Midland Free Press Herald: The Israeli government has passed a law making the sexes equal. We wish Mr. St. Laurent would sponsor similar legislation here. For far too long Canadian women have been ruling the roost.

The Passing Show

A Royal Flop and a Tough Soldier

GENERAL Mohammed Naguib has received unofficial word that he's welcome to visit the United States and Canada. Ex-King Farouk II has been given to understand that it's okay by Washington and Ottawa if he stays away from both.

The glad-hand to Naguib and the cold-shoulder to Farouk illustrate the dramatic upheaval by which Egypt has again become a cross-road of history. The effete Farouk, now estranged from his second wife, continues to wallow in scandal and make a royal spectacle of himself, to the delight of bored reporters. While this is going on, Naguib, as head of the keystone state of the Arab League, is boldly building up his bargaining power by opening the door to Germany in Egypt while attempting, or pretending, to close that door on the British.

Naguib was in knee-pants or maybe a breech-cloth when a former U.S. President, Theodore Roosevelt, after gnashing his outboard teeth all along the Nile, staggered solemn Empire statesmen at a dinner in London's Guildhall by bellowing at the British to get on in Egypt or get out.

The British got on in Egypt. They had to. The Suez Canal was and is their hyphen in Middle East trade and military strategy.

Ever since Kitchener of Khartoum avenged the murder of General Gordon and smashed the spear-throwers at Omdurman in 1898, the British have garrisoned Egypt, and have held it through two world wars. It's ironic that after the British preserved Egypt from the Germans marching under the Kaiser and Hitler, the Germans should march in under Naguib. Dr. Wilhelm Voss and his subalterns of the old Wehrmacht Armaments Board are now in charge of Egypt's Central Planning Board; ex-Luftwaffe pilots, forbidden to fly in Germany, man Middle East airlines, and German engineers grabbed a contract to build Egypt's largest steel works at Aswan. Germany is getting in as the British are getting out.

The basic blunder by the British, when they supplanted the rotten rule of the last Khedive, Abbas Hilmi, was support of an aristocracy that became just as bad. For much too long in Egypt, British officialdom governed over gin and tonic in the shaded elegance of Shepeard's Hotel in Cairo.

They were the insulated British, socially impenetrable, like the tweedy clubman who hid behind his *Times* from an American in a first class railway carriage. Eager for converse, the American essayed to break congealed relations by announcing:

"My name is Kelly." To which the recumbent monument retorted: "My name is not!"

But British sterling is more attractive to Egypt than British sociability, and American dollars can be as congenial as an American Kelly, while German marks remain a question as currency.

Just now no one can foresee which Western influence will be paramount in Egypt, although when betting money it's always smart to bet on money, especially when the shadow of the Russian bear looms over the Middle East.

Egypt's troubles are as old as the Sphinx, and Egyptian women have had much to do with those troubles. Centuries ago, Cleopatra ruined Marc Antony and Egypt and destroyed herself. A woman, innocently, overturned Egypt's last dynasty by turning the head of its monarch, Farouk II. General Naguib is technically regent for Fuad, Farouk's infant son, but if Naguib's experiment of a sort of dictatorial democracy works, little Fuad will ascend Mount Everest on foot before he'll ever ascend the throne.

Egypt's masses joined with its outraged upper echelons when Farouk dismissed his first queen by divorce. Not that the Moslem mind revolted at Farouk's unsubstantiated charge that his consort could not bear him a son. The Egyptians took no great umbrage when Farouk stole another man's gal. That versatile practice has been routine with Moslem potentates — and others — who subscribe to Oriental conceits in the matter of matrimony. What stirred their ire was Farouk's despotic banishment of his girl friend's boy friend, a poor civil servant.

Subsequent exposure of Farouk's expansive and expensive sybaritism—his vast collection of aphrodisiac statuary and paintings, his comprehensive library of filth, his unconscionable profligacy in gambling at Cannes and Monte Carlo when millions of his subjects were famishing—these scandals broadcast by an insurgent press, which also pilloried Egypt's idle rich and grafting army and officialdom, sparked revolt and whipped the flames.

Farouk had taken the throne, fresh from English schooling, hailed as a bright and philanthropic young King ready to toss a life-line to the underprivileged of Egypt. He lost the life-line when he developed a waist-line. Farouk wore the fez, abstained from alcohol in public, and berated the British openly while privately courting their protection.

His public life was not his undoing. It was the personal degeneration of a young prince of high quality who indulged a pathogenic appetite for low company. He lived Arabian Nights and doubled in daytime. Farouk was modern enough for a Mid-East multi-millionaire. His moral code was certainly not Christian and equally not Moslem; he governed his ethics on one hand by a doctor and on the other by a lawyer.

When Farouk made the boat just in time, with plenty of the taxpayers' money as the royal swag, it was to be a prisoner of his past on the Isle of Capri under Italian surveillance. He may yet prove worthy of the decent young woman he carried away, but between now and then he rates only as last of the royal bums of the Nile.

J.B.K.

•

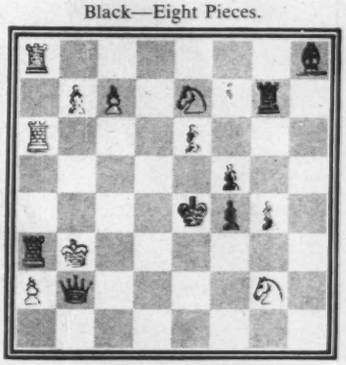
Chess Problem

AMONG the Arabians of the Ninth Century first traces are found of the process of development of the composed chess end-game and problem, though the actual start may have been earlier. In his fine work, "The Chess Problem," H. Weenink says: "Only one of the Arabian manuscripts remains dealing with the beginnings of games, but there are many that deal with the endings. The earliest name recorded of any compiler of such a manuscript is that of al-Adli, who flourished about 840 AD. His MS is lost, but a good deal is known about its contents from later quotations." None of the manuscripts that survive deal with actual games.

Only in one case in these collections is there a statement of a position having been composed, and Weenink gives good reason to doubt its truth. This is a 21-mover in the as-Suli MS, the next oldest known to al-Adli's. A note says, "Al-Mahdi made this; it did not occur in a game."

Problem No. 6, by "Centaur."

Black—Eight Pieces.



White—Nine Pieces.

White to play and mate in two.

Solution of Problem No. 5.

1.Kt-B4, threat; 2.KtxKP, KxKt or else; 3.Q-K8 or Q5 mate accordingly. 1.Kt-B4, KxKt; 2.B-Kt6, any; 3.Q-K4 mate. 1.Kt-B4, K-Q5; 2.KtxPch, K-B5; 3.Q-R4 mate. 1.Kt-B4, Kt-B7; 2.Kt-K2, any; 3.P-B4 mate. 1.Kt-B4, Kt else; 2.Kt-Q3ch, K-Q5; 3.Q-R4 mate.

The mate by 3.Q-K8 in the threat line is the most elegant. A light example by K. A. L. Kubbel has this mate echoed: White: K on QB2; Q on KKt2; B on Q8; Ps on QKt5, Q2, KB5 and KR3. Black: K on Q5. Mate in three. 1.P-Q3, K-B4, 2.Q-K4, K-Q3; 3.Q-Q4 mate. 1.P-Q3, K-K6; 2.B-B6, K-B5; 3.Q-B2 mate.

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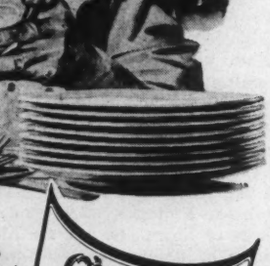


OLD VIENNA TREATS YOU RIGHT

Foreign Affairs

Malenkov Will Play It Carefully

UNTIL the plane incidents in Germany, which have caused such anxiety and uncertainty in the Western world as to Soviet policy, we could speculate with some pleasure that everyone in the Soviet Union must now be filled with uncertainty. From the lesser lights in the Kremlin down to the factory manager in Far Siberia, no one can be quite sure of whom to play up to, whom to eulogize as the new "great leader and teacher," or what line to take in his speeches and directives. And it must be the same for all the satellite leaders and officials.

They may gamble that Malenkov will emerge with full dictatorial powers eventually, but they cannot be sure. They must be beset by terrifying doubts, especially when they wake in the middle of the night; and the effect must be to put off all decisions as long as possible.

Even the plain people, who have no such decisions to make, must feel the uncertainty. Whether or not they looked upon Stalin as the "little father," as some news reports gave the impression—and there must be millions of families who hated him for deporting one or more of their members to slave labor and an early death — they knew what he was and they don't know what they face now. They are bound to fear that there may be great new purges like those before the war, as one or another of the new leaders asserts his ascendancy; or another civil war, or a new world war.

Beria, who ought to know — with his informers in every walk of life, in every factory and every apartment house, in every army unit and party cell—admitted this uncertainty in his funeral oration over Stalin's bier. What strange talk was this, to come from the chief hangman! "Dear comrades and friends!" he called them; it was like the time, just after the German attack, when Stalin astonished the people by calling them "Dear Brothers and Sisters" for the first time. You *are* confident in us, Beria told them; you *must* be confident in us; you *can* be confident, "and we highly value this confidence." "The peoples of the Soviet Union can rely upon the Communist Party, its Central Committee, and their Soviet Government, with complete trust."

Most revealing of what he thinks is the doubt in the public mind is the effort Beria made to assure the people that the new leaders are competent to carry out the job. Sprinkled from one end to another of his speech were these assurances. "Our party knows how to conduct its affairs." "The Central Committee and the Soviet Government have been trained for governing the country by the great school of Lenin and Stalin."

"We have acquired enormous experience." "Great Stalin trained and rallied round himself leaders well tried in battle, who have mastered the Lenin-Stalin ability of leadership and on whose shoulders has fallen the historic responsibility to carry to a victorious end the great cause." "The peoples of our country can be confident."

What else did Beria consider it necessary to tell them? The new Soviet Government, he assured them, would "solicitously and incessantly guard their rights, written in the Stalin Constitution." It would strive for international peace, and would seek trade with all countries. Its aim would be "the maximum satisfaction of the growing material and cultural demands of all Soviet society." Note, first of all, that he has to take account of the popular yearning for a better and easier life after three decades of hard driving, that he admits the demands are *growing*, and the benefits are to go to *all* Soviet society.

Malenkov too, preceding Beria, vowed "boundlessly loyal service to the interests of the people," said: "We are the true servants of the people." Explicitly he promised that, "in the sphere of foreign policy our main care is in not permitting a new war and in living in peace with all countries." In the internal sphere, "our main task is ceaselessly to strive for further improvement in the material welfare of the workers, the collective farmers, the intelligentsia and all Soviet people. This is a law for our Party and Government . . . "

CRYING these promises, both leaders appealed repeatedly to Party and people to preserve the unity which Stalin built, the "monolithic" unity of the Party, the unity of Party and people which is "the apple of our eye", the "fraternal union of the peoples of the Soviet Union with the Great Russian people", "the eternal, indestructible and fraternal friendship of the Soviet Union with the great Chinese people and the people of the People's Democracies." *The appeal to the people for unity went out over the Soviet Radio every hour,* on the day Stalin's death was announced.

It was not only what was said that was revealing of the uncertainties in the USSR and the Soviet Empire. There was much to be learned from what was done, and how it was done. The way in which the Central Committee of the Party and the Council of Ministers of the Soviet Government were named in that order, and then in reverse order in the very next sentence, in the official communiqués, indicated the great importance which the State apparatus has acquired alongside the Party apparatus in

recent years. Indeed, Stalin was named in these notices as first, the chairman of the Council of Ministers, and second, the Secretary of the Central Committee.

Where, at the time of Lenin's death, there was only one hierarchy, that of the Party, there are now at least four powerful hierarchies, and the other three have all been appeased in the new governmental set-up. There is the great hierarchy of the Police, with its own powerful armed forces —like Hitler's *Waffen SS*—its vast network of political commissars and informers throughout the Army, the Party and all branches of Soviet life, control of the huge reservoir of slave labor, which powers so many important enterprises in remote and forbidding parts of the USSR where labor will not go voluntarily, and also, control of atomic production.

Beria's control of this apparatus, after 15 years of consolidation, is for the moment as unchallengeable as Malenkov's control of the Party apparatus. To maintain a firm grip on the people, and even the Party, on the Army and on the satellites, Beria is for the present indispensable. If the criticism of his security police in *Pravda* last January, for their laxity in permitting the supposed plot of the Kremlin doctors was, as it seems, a maneuver by Malenkov to weaken Beria's position, that is all off in this new situation.

Then there is the vast state-controlled economic apparatus, built up from almost nothing during the Stalin era. It is vital to the security of the country and the welfare of the people that this should continue to function smoothly. This apparatus has begun to throw up powerful figures of its own, men who have risen in industry or in economic life and owe their present position to this and not to any Party work they may ever have done. One of these, Pervukhin, was actually chosen to make the most publicized Soviet speech of the year, on the anniversary of the Revolution, last November. He and another of his fellows, Saburov, are placed among the top ten of the new Politburo.

Finally, there is the Army hierarchy. The Army is awkwardly strong, just at this critical time of transferring authority, due to the cold war and the armaments drive. The new Party bosses may well wish it were not so strong, and may seek in time to reduce international tension so that they can reduce their armed strength and be less dependent on the generals and marshals. Meantime, there has been a clear move to appease these by rehabilitating the popular Marshal Zhukov, whom Stalin had kept out of sight since the war, by making him Deputy Minister of Defence. This is not the least significant revelation to be found in the fine type of the Soviet announcements.

Another of equal interest which has hardly been noticed is the change of ambassador to Peking. Panyushkin, who went there only a few months ago from Washington, was recalled at once; in his place has gone Vassili Kuznetsov. The Kuznetsovs are the Smiths of Russia; but this is the one to watch. He was head of the Soviet Trade Union Organization in 1945 and given the highly important job of splitting world labor through the establishment of the Communist-dominated World Federation of Trade Unions, when I had the pleasure of asking him, at a press conference in Oakland, California, whether the Soviet unions had not become the biggest company union in the world.

After that he was put in charge of the world-wide Peace Petition and Peace Congress activity which the Soviets devised to gain two or three years' time to make the atom bomb. Last October he landed in the top rank of Soviet power, as one of the 25 full members of the new Praesidium. On the death of Stalin he was made Deputy Foreign Minister, and with this position and his high prestige in the parent Communist Party and in the world "Peace Movement" has been sent to Peking to try to hold on to Mao.

I have mentioned a few names of those who have come out on top in the new regime. Not the least interesting development in the transfer of power, which it was once expected might take place in complete secrecy behind the Kremlin walls, is that it has provided a complete list of the personalities now in the ascendant, in the jealously-guarded order of their importance, and also some indication of those who have been set aside.

The head man is undoubtedly Georgi Malenkov. But for the present he is not dictator, only the first among the top five, which includes, in order, Beria, Molotov, Bulganin and Kaganovitch. Beria is very powerful. Molotov is needed, as the only one of this lot who knows the outside world, has negotiated with its leaders and can advise on what they mean when they say or do certain things. Bulganin is the party man who holds control of the armed forces; and he is said to be on good terms with Marshal Zhukov, his new deputy. Kaganovitch is there for his proved ability in managing economic affairs, and like Molotov, to emphasize "the Stalin tradition", having been the boss' brother-in-law.

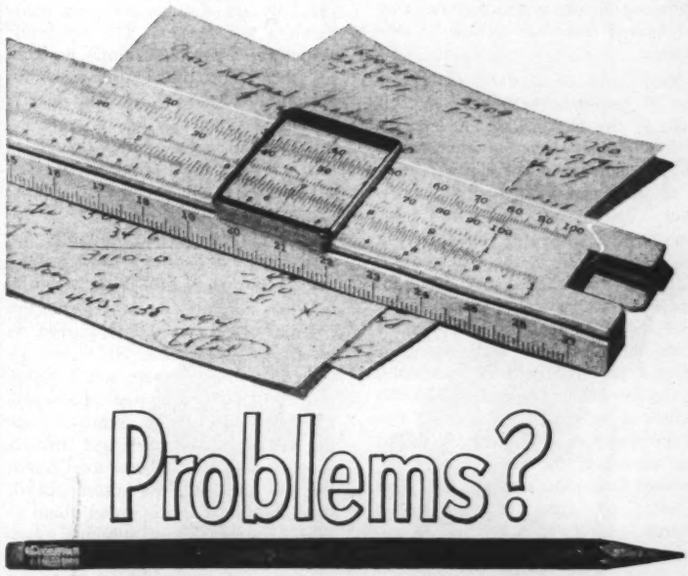
After these, the next five are Voroshilov, Mikoyan, Saburov, Pervukhin and Krushchev. To round out the new, reduced Praesidium or Politburo of 14 there are Shvernik, Ponamarenko, Melnikov and Bagirov. The appointment of the latter, an Azerbaijan, looks like a play to the Soviet Union's 30 million Moslems.

Most curious was what happened to the 36-man Praesidium which Stalin set up last October. Apparently it never assumed its functions, for it was not mentioned at all in the official announcements connected with the transfer of power, even in announcing its supercession by a smaller body. This is perhaps the strongest indication that policy-making has for some time been in the hands of an inner cabinet of the Council of Ministers.

It may be interesting to those who try to follow the grim game of musical chairs in the Kremlin to list those who were placed by Stalin in the enlarged Praesidium. The full 25 members were, in Russian alphabetical order: Stalin, Andrianov, Beria, Bulganin, Voroshilov, S. D. Ignatiev, Kaganovitch, Korotchenko, V. V. Kuznetsov, Kuusinen, Malenkov, Malyshev, Mikoyan, Mikhailov, Molotov, Pervukhin, Ponamarenko, Saburov, Suslov, Krushchev, Chesnokov, Shvernik, Shkiryatov. The 11 alternaties were: Brezhnev, Vyshinsky, Zverev, N. G. Ignatov, Kabanov, Kosygin, Patolichev, Pegov, Puzanov, Tevosyan and Yudin.

Looking at this reshuffle of the positions of power in the Soviet Union and all of the problems it imposes, I cannot believe that these men will risk open war, as one might think from the succession of plane incidents in Germany. If they were intent on war, surely they would attempt an atomic Pearl Harbor. Their attacks on Poland, on Finland, and in Korea were all made without warning. To start a war in a dribbling fashion, with plane incidents, would only be to alert the West. What I think they are doing is saying: "So you think we have been weakened and this is your moment of opportunity? Well, this is to let you know you'd better not start anything just now."

WILLSON WOODSIDE



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Current Account

Nationalizing Europe's Churches

IN RECENT WEEKS, events affecting the relations of Church and State have given a new edge to this perennial and complicated problem in Europe. They may also add some confusing details to the endeavors of the United States to 'contain' Communism.

Yugoslavia, enraged by the elevation of Stepinac, Archbishop of Zagreb, to the Cardinalate, has recalled its diplomatic representative at the Vatican and demanded the withdrawal of the Papal Nuncio in Belgrade. The Yugoslav Information Center has devoted an entire issue of the *Yugoslav Review* to the statement of Marshal Tito's case against Stepinac. The usual accusation of collaboration with the enemy during the war is made, but Stepinac is also accused of being a party, directly or indirectly, to the forcible conversion of 240,000 Orthodox Serbs to the Byzantine rite of the Roman Catholic church and to the seizure of the properties of the Serbian Orthodox Church and their transfer to the Roman Catholic church.

The issue contains photographs and facsimiles of letters which, until they are satisfactorily explained or rebutted, will prove highly damaging to Cardinal Stepinac and to the efforts of those who would make him a "Christian martyr." Beyond that, Yugoslavia has just announced the consolidation of its laws governing religion.

Secondly, the government of Poland, the most strongly Roman Catholic country among the Russian satellites, which, until now, has been cautious in acting against the church, has served notice that henceforth all appointments to the hierarchy and to the clergy must first receive the approval of the Government, and the appointees must be Polish citizens.

These events, while frequently duplicated in the long course of church history, may pose some new problems for Canadians who are, in general, great believers in religious liberty and who distrust those who seem to destroy the corporate rights of any church or group of religious believers, provided that such rights neither involve demands for the preferred treatment of one church over another, nor invite attitudes either subversive or morally scandalous. Since such rights seem to be challenged in many Eastern European countries, a basic analysis of the present Communist policy toward religious institutions is desirable if our own judgments are to be soundly conceived and justified by the facts.

There is, of course, no doubt that Marxism was anti-religious in its very essence. It taught that the new world order could be built on the ideological foundations of dialectic materialism only when the hold of the other-worldliness and "superstitions" inculcated by the various religious communions was broken. The Bolshevik revolution, after its triumph in Russia, turned on the Church and the Patriarch of Moscow, Tikhon, since it attributed much of the tyranny of the Tsarist regime to the alliance of the Tsar with the Church. It further organized the Society of the Godless, which naively sought to destroy all religious devotion and to immunize the minds of Communist youth against the infiltration of any religious ideas.

When, despite these efforts, the Church still survived and proved its loyalty to Russia after Hitler had attacked in 1941, a more subtle policy was developed. This new policy was applied in the satellite countries after the end of the Second World War. It sought essentially to make the Church the ally and even the accomplice of the Communist state rather than its open or secret enemy, although usually to effect such ends it was necessary to replace forcibly the existing hierarchy by one more favorable to itself.

WHILE RELIGIOUS freedom was still defined as permitting propaganda both *for* and *against* religion, there was an easing-off of the frontal attack on the church and on religion in general, a greater emphasis on the complete separation of the Church from the State, and the elimination of the Church from any power as a political factor within the state. To most observers, however, the change seemed to be only a policy of expediency, designed to postpone to a more convenient season the ultimate suffocation of all the superstitions of religion.

The procedure to enforce the new policy differed somewhat with the various countries. In that part of eastern Poland which was annexed to Russia after the war, the Uniate Church—practising the Byzantine rite but recognizing the authority of the Vatican — was forcibly incorporated in the Russian Orthodox Church and placed under the jurisdiction of the Moscow patriarchate. The Orthodox Church in Poland was recognized as independent only after the rather forceful metropolitan, Dionysie, had been removed from his post by the Polish government in 1948 and replaced by Timothei, who had previously made his peace with the Patriarch of Moscow.

In Bulgaria, the laws governing religion forbade any churches which "have their headquarters abroad to open up any branches, missions, orders or charitable or other organizations" in that country. As a result of these measures, several Protestant clergymen connected with American missions were haled before the courts and, it is rumored, some were tortured.

In Hungary where, in addition to the strong Roman Catholic majority, powerful Lutheran and Reformed communions existed, the first attack was launched on the Lutheran bishop, Ordass, and on the head of the Reformed Church in Hungary, Ravasz. Both these men were replaced, prison terms were duly meted out, and then the government turned on Cardinal Mindszenty who was charged, apparently tortured, and is still imprisoned. In country after country, ecclesiastical leaders were thus immobilized and replaced, tortured and imprisoned.

THERE NOW seems to be a definite tendency, since the leadership of the churches has become more tractable, to "nationalize" the church, with the ultimate aim of doing for the Eastern European countries what the 38th article of religion (Anglican) enunciated for the church in England when it stated that "the Bishop of Rome has no jurisdiction in this realm of England."

The movement to create "national churches" did not, of course, begin with the Communists. Even after the conclusion of the First World War, there was a considerable secession from the Roman Catholic Church in Czechoslovakia and the formation of the Church of the Czech Brethren, which accepted Catholic doctrine and practice but repudiated the authority of the Vatican. A somewhat analogous move was made in Poland but the Polish National Church gained greater adherence among American Poles (especially around Buffalo, N.Y.) than in Poland. Now, however, it would seem that strong-arm methods are being used in both countries to "nationalize" the Roman Catholic Church and to destroy completely in both these two countries any ties which bind it to the Vatican.

The Communist governments have also moved to make the churches — all of them—financially dependent on the good will of the government. They are being deprived of their capital holdings, whether in land or in industrial and financial corporations, the income from which helped to finance various ecclesiastical institutions. In return, the state is offering to provide the salaries of the priests and hierarchy. The churches are thus made almost entirely dependent on the tender mercies of the state which, since it pays the pipers, will be able to call the tune. Incidental devices make it difficult for church leaders to collect monies directly from the faithful, although it is reported that the Church of the Czech Brethren has refused to accept these government subsidies.

Of course, the despoliation of the properties of the church has always been a familiar device of the state, *e.g.*, the expropriation of the monasteries under Henry VIII. But though the possession of great wealth by the church may be as great a menace to the church as to the state, the financial subordination of the church to the state renders extremely difficult the proper functioning of the church as the conscience of the state.

While there are many aspects of these attempts to subordinate the church to the state, such as the move to make civil marriage obligatory and ecclesiastical marriage purely optional, the real conflict will largely centre on the control of education. In most of these countries, the churches—Orthodox, Protestant and Roman Catholic — have maintained elementary and secondary schools and colleges for professional training in which they have taught a distinctively Christian ideology. But though the Communist governments may permit a limited amount of freedom for religious instruction to the churches, they will certainly seek to eliminate in all the state schools any church influence and to provide on every level of state-financed education indoctrination in Communist ideology.

IT WILL BE interesting indeed to see how the United States will react to this effort to reject all religious education from the state schools and to replace the rejected educational ideology with one derived from Communism, for today in the United States a bitter struggle is being waged at the present time in the name of the First Amendment to the Constitution, to prevent any direct federal aid to any but "public," neutral schools. Liberal educators are urging that the Communist ideology must be explained in these same public schools if the American republic is to be better able to combat it. But they look to the Supreme Court for decisions which would render any sympathetic treatment of the Christian ideology in the public schools illegal and unthinkable.

Out of all this, at least one great issue emerges. All the churches — Orthodox, Protestant and Roman Catholic — must do a great deal of rethinking of the very nature and function of the Church, and its proper relationship to the State. Mere chatter about religious liberty or "no discrimination on religious grounds" will get nowhere. Any so-called Christian country that denies its historical parentage may awaken too late to discover the place of its true parents usurped by others. Mankind cannot live indefinitely in a religious vacuum.

CLARIS EDWIN SILCOX

Persona Grata

The Fair One from Fairfield

CLARE (NEE BOOTHE) LUCE, United States Ambassador to Italy, approaches the delicate and sometimes dangerous transition from maturity to middle age with her single chin up in another challenge to precedent. She is the first woman ever to be appointed to a first-rank U.S. Embassy and the first woman to be cacheted as Minister Plenipotentiary from any country to Rome.

She has other firsts in her dossier, mostly triumphs but at least one bitter disappointment. She was the first woman to be elected to Congress from Connecticut; the first Congresswoman to get on the vital House Military Affairs Committee; and the first woman to demand with confidence, and to be denied with emphasis, nomination by a major party (Republican) as candidate for the United States Senate in a year when practical local politicians knew that the proverbial Chinaman could win on the Republican ticket—which is precisely why she was rejected.

As a gifted amateur, who stubbornly stuck to self-discipline and became a prosperous professional, Clare Boothe Luce made a first and a fortune by writing the first modern all-female play, *The Women*, a meretricious serio-farce concerning cocktail-lounge Loreleis to whom she applied the scathing phrase "Park Avenue push-overs". As a dramatist she has been shallow but box-office. Her cafe society charade, *Kiss the Boys Goodbye* and her exp'oitation of Nazi villainy, *Margin for Error*, had long Broadway runs, with resurrection or internment, as the case may be, in Hollywood.

Sheltered from childhood, Clare Boothe was married, with ample publicity in the society columns, to a financially substantial entrepreneur named Bacharach. This marriage produced a daughter, also a divorce. In her twenties she was ensconced in the Blue Book of Snobs, the Social Register, by association. She made *Who's Who* all on her own.

Then, in the first flush of fame, as it sometimes is regarded by those who confuse notoriety and notability, she made a brilliant marriage with the most successful tycoon of latter-day magazine publishing, Henry Luce.

It's interesting to note that Henry Luce, whose magazine mastheads of editors and researchers look like a telephone directory, magnified, if he did not make, history by quadrupling word-rates to soldiers and statesmen who gather their material on the public's payroll and capitalize it for private profit as memoirs—which envious blokes, and that includes us, will agree is elegant work if you can get it.

In a rural fairyland in Fairfield County, Connecticut, the Luces keep house and hold court in about the only manor where George Washington didn't sleep. Social fauna in that enclave of gentlemen farmers, surrounded by arms plants within commuting distance of Manhattan and bombing distance of Siberia, are of the P. G. Wodehouse and Stephen Leacock species. There, perhaps, the Luces suffered their worst joint blow, when the head of the brilliant member of Congress, in her dazzling snood that looked like the lining of Benjamin's coat of many colors, was bowed before the blasts of the drama experts, and her husband muttered harsh words about critics.

The Luce yearned to be an actress. She elected to play, in a straw-hat theatre among neighbors, Shaw's *Candida*—a dialectic catharsis of a young poet's calf love for a veteran soubrette that is sometimes too much for the talents of veteran pros.

A drama critic of Mr. Luce's *Time* broke from the embrace of a barkeep long enough to repair to the rural scene and inspect proceedings. Then he returned to his typewriter, whereon he tapped two tidings: the first, a brief cry of pain regarding Mrs. Luce's murder of *Candida;* the second, briefer, his resignation. He then returned to the bar.

HISTRIONICS she will not eschew. Comely, appearing as the belle ideal of the career woman plus an aura of the virgin emeritus, Mrs. Luce as a public speaker has a gift for trenchant phrase, save when she indulges wit's worst enemy, telescoping of words, as in her puerile denunciation of the Marshall Plan as "globaloney". Her gestures when speaking are not cadenced, but calisthenic.

Her record as a two-term Congress member was sound. She learned about war at the Italian front; she voted for all measures benefiting the common soldier and, her social environs being executive but her election district industrial, she supported labor despite her party's Taft-Hartley law.

This apparently gay dilettante of personality and persiflage fools everybody—at first appraisal. Her voice is as light as her complexion, her bright smile just a bit too bright. But in facial repose, the limning of tragedy is there.

When her beautiful young daughter was killed instantly in an auto accident, Clare Boothe Luce turned from wealth and acclaim. As with Mrs. Calvin Coolidge, her thoughts veered from the social swim in which too many drown, toward cloistered life. She retired from politics, until Eisenhower said he was willing to run for President.

One political school has it the Luces elected Eisenhower, but this claim

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doesn't stand up, because they couldn't make a Luce a Senator. Eisenhower elected Eisenhower on a chill June dawn in 1944, when, from a roof-top near the cold white cliffs of Kent, he gave the signal for D-Day.

Now Clare Luce goes as U.S. Ambassador to Rome, after the Italian elections this Spring which will clarify Italian repugnance of or complaisance to Communism. Her status as a convert to Roman Catholicism caused upped-eyebrows among confirming senators, but they confirmed, notwithstanding her necessary contiguity to the Vatican.

She is taking over a job fairly popular with Italians, who have become somewhat Americanized — regional clergy there say too much so, although all I was able to observe in Italy in the way of Americanization was that when Italian youngsters got a bottle of milk from an American relief station they hustled to get a nickel back on the bottle.

Radiating glamor, Clare Boothe Luce also has gumption, a godsend for an American ambassador amid tergiversating European chancelleries, whose diplomats at times seem to suffer acutely from curvature of the conscience. Mrs. Luce is of that blessed and growing company of women endowed materially and mentally for public duty, and ambitious too. When you contemplate the mess made of the world by men, why not let the women run it, if only for the reason that they might do much better because they couldn't possibly do much worse?

JOHN B. KENNEDY

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Our Busy Politicians

(From Hansard)

MR. A. W. STUART (Charlotte): I rise on a question of privilege. During the debate that took place yesterday in this chamber with regard to the Farm Improvement Loans Act, I took issue with a statement which was made by the hon. member for Gloucester (Mr. Robichaud). When I placed on the record what I believed I had heard him say I was interrupted by several members on my left who stated that the interpretation, or the statement I had put on record, was incorrect. I have yesterday's *Hansard,* and I should like to read briefly from the remarks that I made, as reported on page 2071 of *Hansard*: But there was a statement made a few moments ago by the hon. member for Gloucester—

MR. GRAYDON (Peel): Where is the privilege?

MR. CASSELMAN (Granville-Dundas): That was in debate.

MR. SPEAKER: Order. The hon. member for Gloucester also rose on a question of privilege.

MR. WEIR (Portage-Neepawa): They had better go outside and settle it.

SOME HON. MEMBERS: Oh, oh.

MR. CASSELMAN: And the Minister of National Revenue (Mr. McCann) could be the referee.

MR. MCCANN: You are the one who would not come.

MR. SPEAKER: Order.

MR. GRAYDON: Big Talk.

MR. SPEAKER: Since both the hon. Member from Charlotte and the hon. Member for Gloucester would like to settle some question, with the consent of the house they might have this opportunity, if they wish to do it at this time. We cannot go into a long debate.

MR. CASSELMAN: No; this is debate.

MR. SPEAKER: If I do not allow the hon. member for Charlotte to speak I cannot allow the hon. member for Gloucester.

MR. STUART: May I be permitted to continue, Mr. Speaker?

MR. SPEAKER: From what I have heard it seems to me that this would appear to be some matter that took place during a debate in the house. Whether it should have been raised at that time or whether the debate should be renewed—

MR. STUART: My question of privilege had to do with the statement I put on the record. I was informed by hon. members to my left that it was incorrect. I have *Hansard* of yesterday.

MR. SPEAKER: Order. I do not think I can allow that as a question of privilege.

MR. A. M. ROBICHAUD (Gloucester): Yesterday afternoon, Mr. Speaker, during my absence from the house, when I was attending the committee on the revision of the Criminal Code, the hon. member for Charlotte—

MR. SPEAKER: Order.

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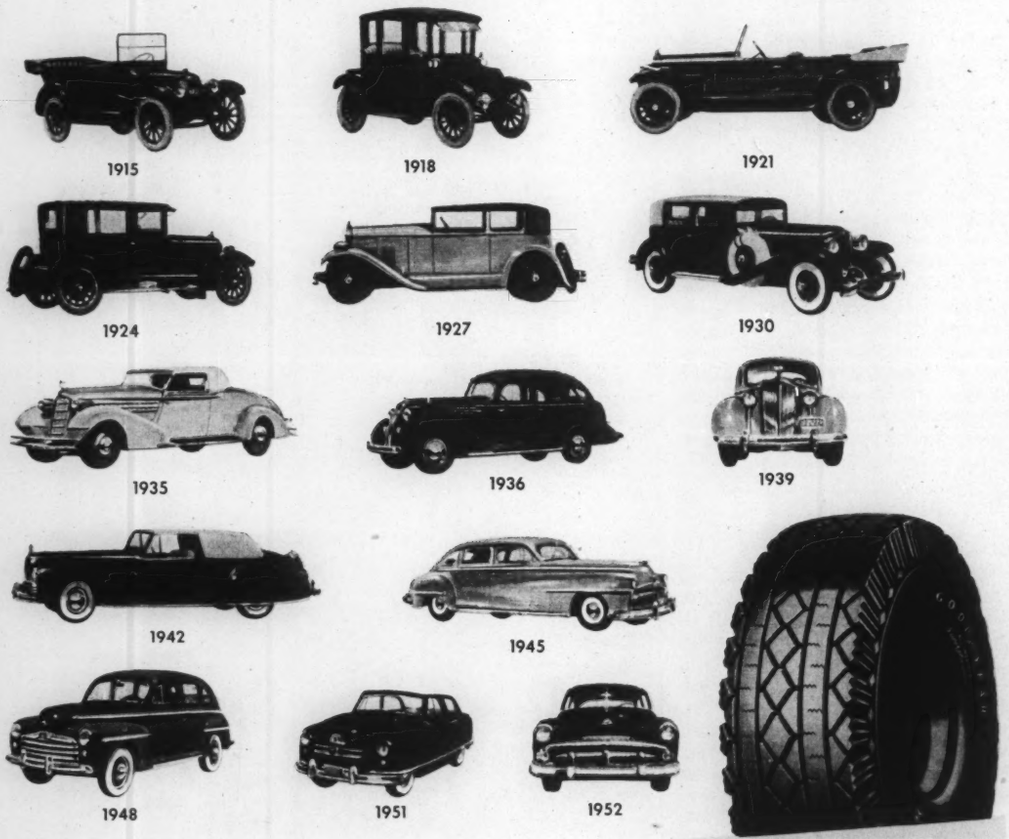

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The Social Scene

Traditionalists and the Elite

QUEBEC: If you should roam the streets of old Quebec (not to mention Montreal, which outwardly is more American than Canadian) you would be surprised and possibly disappointed to see the large number of English signs and posters and you might wonder what is happening to French Canada. We, who know, are naturally aware that a good number of these signs are put up by French Canadian firms to attract the tourists, even though we would argue with the heads of these same firms that a French sign would be still more attractive, if a little puzzling, to our American visitors. But that is another story, as Kipling might say.

But I believe you would make a serious mistake if you were to conclude from what you may see that the population of our province is losing some of its old traits, to replace them by new ways of thought, if not of living. The French Canadian of today is quite reconciled to the idea that he may not consider himself the sole inheritor of all British North America, simply because his ancestors landed on the shores of the St. Lawrence a century and a half before the Conquest. On the other hand, while quite willing to get along on the best of terms with the other provinces, he would rather be left alone when it comes to discussing if it would have been to his advantage to discard his language or religion in order better to adapt himself to changing conditions.

It is true that the two great wars have worked tremendous changes in our province (as well as elsewhere, for that matter) and that they have considerably widened the horizons of the last two generations, giving them a better understanding of what goes on in the world at large; it is true that a good number of our sons have married in England, Belgium or Holland; it is true that American magazines and records are looked at or sung by an increasing number of our own equivalent of what is commonly called bobby-soxers; that American dances hold no secret for our younger set; that there are ten "movie houses" showing American or English films in our towns and villages for one "cinema" where French films are shown; but all this is at the surface only—so far.

It has long been a favorite pastime in old Quebec for certain "patriots" and so-called "nationalists" (very small and scattered groups, thank God!) to preach isolationism from the other provinces in the fear that contacts with them will contaminate us and endanger our traditions and customs. These same people, while being enthusiastically anti-British, have failed to make any sort of a permanent impression on the mass of the population. Our people, while listening to them at times, have enough sense to realize what their plight would be if the province of Quebec were to find itself isolated from the other provinces.

These same people, who would like to see our province as an independent state, refuse to realize that if there exists one grave danger for us at the moment, this danger does not spring from associating ourselves ever more closely with our English compatriots, but, on the contrary, from our neighbors to the South. These people have fought so well against our being Anglicized that they completely overlooked the very potent fact that we are being Americanized at a much faster rate.

A very large majority of our population is, at present, quite satisfied to be Canadians and nothing else. They naturally wish to have, within the limits of our own province, a strong government capable of defending—not their tongue or religion, which they realize are not in danger—but the autonomy of the province itself.

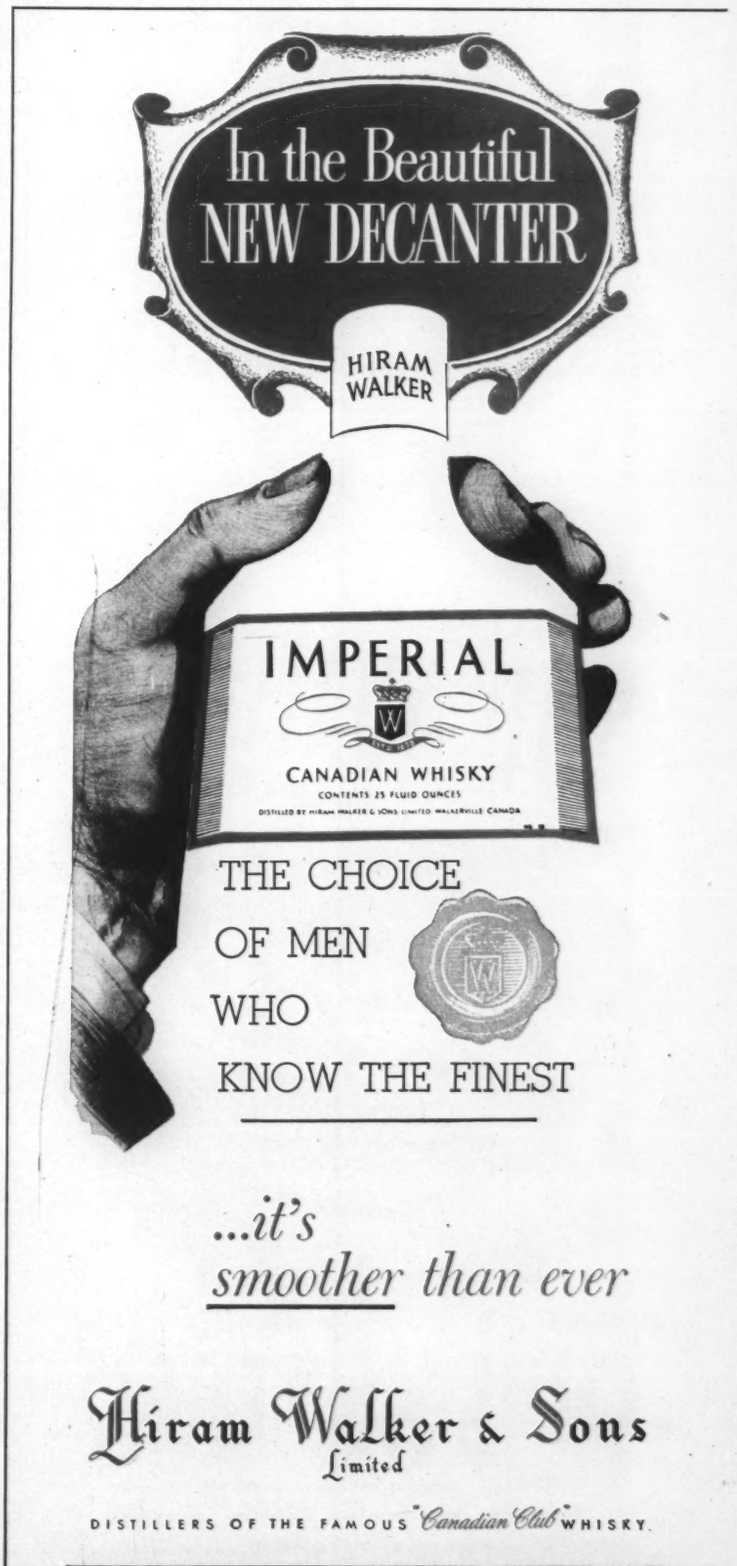
While our people may be leaning more and more toward the United States, which they admire for its tremendous physical assets (such as automobiles, refrigerators, radios, electric ranges and so forth) they, at the same time, dread what they choose to call its materialism (some call it paganism), its imperialism and also its childishness. This view may surprise the reader, coming from Quebec, but let us not forget that the average Quebec citizen is of a conservative mind and a traditionalist at heart. In business matters, for instance, he will have full confidence in his English speaking compatriots—when he has known them for some time—because it has been his experience that it is safe to deal with them. On the other hand, he will be always a little scared by the high-pressure methods of "l'Americain", a good fellow, no doubt, and with plenty of money, but a dangerous partner at poker or stud.

But enough of the population at large. Let us now take a look at what might be called our elite, I do not mean by this our "classes dirigeantes", the Clergy and our law-makers. Our elite, which until some thirty or forty years ago consisted mainly of politicians and of men who had made a fortune in industry or commerce, is now largely made up of professors, historians, novelists, poets, painters, editors, as well as of artists of the stage and the radio and lecturers.

While, as I have said before, the average Quebecker may look to the States for anything that is materially good for him and with something resembling very much disdain towards what France has become, this elite is essentially French in thought and tendencies. Knowing very little of English, Italian or German literature and arts, it copies assiduously all French mannerisms of language, partakes of French cuisine and "bons crus".

This elite has, of all evidence, very little sympathy for our past and old customs and traditions, not to speak of religion. It lives on the shores of the St. Lawrence as in exile (but rather comfortably) and it is looked upon with some displeasure by the Catholic hierarchy. The Archbishop of Montreal, now Cardinal Leger, did not hesitate, a few weeks ago, to warn Catholics against these "esthetes who parade in public the emptiness of their souls". The warning was hardly needed, for our population will have very little to do with France and most of its representatives in our midst.

BERNARD DUFEBVRE



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Books

The Last of Santayana

WE NOW HAVE the third volume of George Santayana's autobiography, *Of Persons and Places*. It is a beautiful and gently illuminating book. Let me confess at once that I find Santayana's major philosophical works forbidding; they are written in language of such beautiful limpidity that I can read several pages at a time with an illusion of understanding them, but afterward I know that I have not really understood anything at all. Yet in his essays and volumes of random reflections he breathes a commoner air, and who then combines clarity and wisdom better than he? Those of us who cannot follow him into the realms of thought where his reputation as a philosopher was made may sense something of his spirit and belief from these lesser works. We do not know what Santayana thought which impressed his brother philosophers, but we know what Santayana *was*, and that may even be a better thing.

Let us not pretend to one another in these books reviews. I know virtually nothing about philosophy, and such people as I have known who were trained in that study have all been objects of puzzlement to me: they knew about philosophy, but they did not seem to be particularly wise men nor did they lead wise lives. Now Santayana, as we know him through his autobiography and his essays, is unquestionably a wise man. Can it be wholly wrong to suppose that his wisdom and his philosophy were not entirely the same thing? Might they not have been two things, which acted upon one another to their mutual benefit? There is a Welsh proverb which says "A spoon does not know the taste of soup, nor a learned fool the taste of wisdom". Santayana knew the taste of wisdom. He had firm ideas about the right conduct of life; they are ideas which command our thoughtful respect; he puts ideas into practice in his own life. That is wisdom, surely?

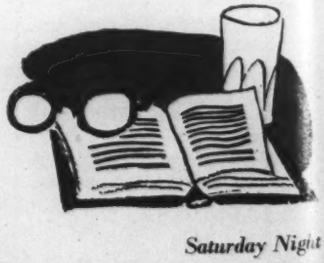
A dominant idea in his life, and apparently in his philosophy, was the idea of non-attachment. Though he had the ordinary human need for friends and for comfort, he was not dominated by the desire to be aggressively a man of his time, or to be what the world calls a success. Bertrand Russell, whom Santayana knew well, is a success—which is to say that he has struggled to impose his ideas upon the world, and has done so in a remarkable measure. Yet in this volume Santayana is critical of Russell for his failure to "shake himself free from his environment and from the miscellaneous currents of opinion in his day", and his judgment is that though Russell is many-sided, he is also "a many-sided fanatic". (How these philosophers claw one another! It makes us lesser mortals tremble as they shake their gnarled fists and tick one another off. In Russell's *History of Western Philosophy* he accords Sanatayana a scant 19 lines in a book of 836 pages). Santayana did not care whether the world listened to him or not. He did not care for teaching. He asked only to be permitted to observe and reflect.

O World, thou choosest not the better part!
It is not wisdom to be only wise
And on the inward vision close the eyes,
But it is wisdom to believe the heart.

Thus wrote Santayana, and it is deeply true of his attitude toward life. But the educated heart, the heart chastened by self-knowledge and knowledge of the world, might alone be safely heeded. The wild, impassioned heart leads only to "adventures in enthusiastic unreason", as he calls the two great wars of this century. The only heart which deserves to be listened to is that which is not too eagerly set upon any of the good things of this world.

YET, AGAIN and again the idea of happiness as the first and greatest good appears in the three volumes of this autobiography, and nowhere more clearly than in the third. "Happiness", wrote Santayana long ago, "is the only sanction of life; where happiness fails, existence remains a mad and lamentable experiment". Twenty pages in *My Host The World* are devoted to the conclusion of the story, begun in *The Middle Span*, of John Francis Stanley, the second Earl Russell, whose existence seems indeed to have been a mad and lamentable experiment, without happiness or serenity, and overshadowed by an uncommonly bothersome pack of sweethearts and wives. To Santayana, the spectator in the stage-box, it was a mingling of farce and tragedy. "There is no cure for birth and death save to enjoy the interval", wrote Santayana, and when we read of Russell's disordered existence, as viewed by Santayana, we know that for the philosopher such sweaty wrestling with life was the farthest thing from enjoyment.

Yet Santayana was no timid shrinker from life. His avoidance



of struggle was not the cowardice of the weak man, but the sinewy-minded strategy of a very powerful and egotistical one. He yielded to the world's way in unimportant things, in order that he might have his own way in all that mattered to him. It is signficant that in the three volumes of his autobiography we find no instance in which Santayana wanted anything which he did not get. Friends, leisure, travel and freedom from any sort of burdensome attachment were the things he wanted, and they make up a program far more difficult of achievement than a million dollars, three fine homes, and a family. He was set upon the attainment of wisdom and inner serenity; who knows of a more elusive goal? Yet he reached it.

Reached it and enjoyed it. This man, who died last year, gave up his professorship in 1912, and passed the remaining forty years of his life as a traveller and man of letters, retiring at last to be cared for in the convent of the Blue Nuns in Rome. The greater part of his adult life he passed in doing what he liked best, and was able to write "Never have I enjoyed youth so thoroughly as I have my old age". Is this not success, even as the world judges success? It may be said in passing that he counted his old age as beginning at his fiftieth year, which may be a little hasty, even for a philosopher. But then, Santayana appears to have regarded old age as a stalking-horse, from behind the cover of which he observed the youthful excesses of men much older than himself.

In *Persons and Places* we have a record of a life which was in its fashion a work of art, carefully planned and perfectly carried out. The book itself is very much a work of art, from which everything that is excessive or needless has been purged. A materialist in philosophy, Santayana writes like a materialist—but a materialist who is also Latin in race, Catholic in sympathy but not in faith, an artist in feeling and expression. He was certainly an oddity in the philosophical world, as much detested by Henry James, the radical empiricist, as by the Jesuit who called him "the poetical atheist".

If a layman may venture such a suggestion, many contemporary philosophers appear to have been deceived by the artistic form in which Santayana cast his thought; a philosopher can be, in artistic matters, as big a clod as anyone else, and some of these gentlemen appear to feel that an artist must be weaker, more feminine, than they. But there was a core of gemlike hardness in Santayana; he was no democrat, and he had no regard for what he called "sugary vulgarity"; he did not admit the necessity to believe, abjectly, in anything. His acceptance of Catholicism as a pleasing, poetic, artistic and traditional indulgence was incomprehensible to professors who sought relief from their own austere beliefs in bouts of secret and sentimental Methodism, or in an atheism which he found barbarous and dogmatic. His life and his belief were all of a piece. Such a man is bound to seem strange in a world where, even among great minds, life and belief are likely to be at odds.

ROBERTSON DAVIES

MY HOST THE WORLD, volume three of Persons and Places—by George Santayana—pp. 144 and index—*Reginald Saunders*—*$4.00.*

In Brief

DESIREE—by Annemarie Selinko—pp. 674—*British Book Service*—*$3.50.*

Here is that rarity, a first-rate historical novel, which maintains its interest without flagging for nearly 700 pages, and will please the general reader without repelling the historian. It is the story of Eugenie Clary, later calling herself Désirée, who loved Napoleon Bonaparte, but married General Jean-Baptiste Bernadotte and went with him to rule over Sweden. It is a little hard to believe, perhaps, that Désirée could have been quite so much at the heart of affairs all through Napoleon's career, and that she would have confided so fully in her diary, but without such devices how could we have this excellent entertainment? Utter credibility is not, after all, the chief virtue of a novel.

The characters are well drawn and deeply understood, the novel is notably literate, and the translation by Arnold Bender and E. W. Dickes is excellent. The author carries through her fine design of plot and sub-plot without a single scene of seduction or a lascivious description, which is something of a triumph in itself. Recommended.

THE FABULOUS FANNY—by Norman Katkov—pp. 337, illustrated—*McClelland & Stewart*—*$4.50.*

Talking to Norman Katkov about Fanny Brice, Katherine Hepburn said: "No one in our business is particularly happy." Certainly this was true of Fanny. Though she enjoyed a considerable measure of theatrical success it was as a low comedian, and men and women who really like to be laughed at are very few, and not as intelligent as Fanny Brice. She was particularly unfortunate in love, and, as she had the Jewish feeling for domesticity in full measure, this was a special source of misery.

This book is prepared from some notes that Fanny made for her own life story, and from what more than twenty other people, who knew her intimately, told to the writer; these accounts are skilfully blended, and the book is racy and continuously interesting. Whether it is a success story or not depends on whether you value public acclaim more than personal happiness. One thing is amply plain: Fanny Brice was a woman of great spirit.

STARS IN YOUR KITCHEN—edited by Mara Michel—pp. 127 and index—illustrated—*Dodd, Mead & Co.*—*$3.25.*

A trick cookery book, containing the favorite recipes of 148 famous people. Whatever the book makes goes to the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund. So if you want to eat Swedish cookies of the kind President Eisenhower likes, or Al Capp's New England Boiled Dinner (Gag! Choke!), CONTINUED ON PAGE 26

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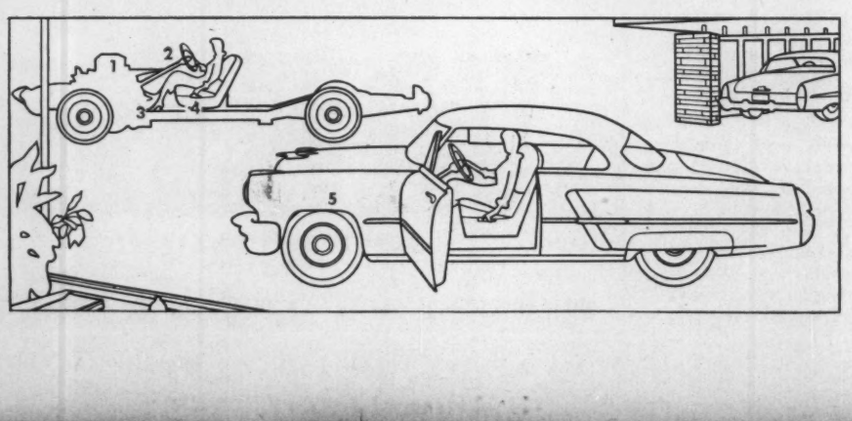

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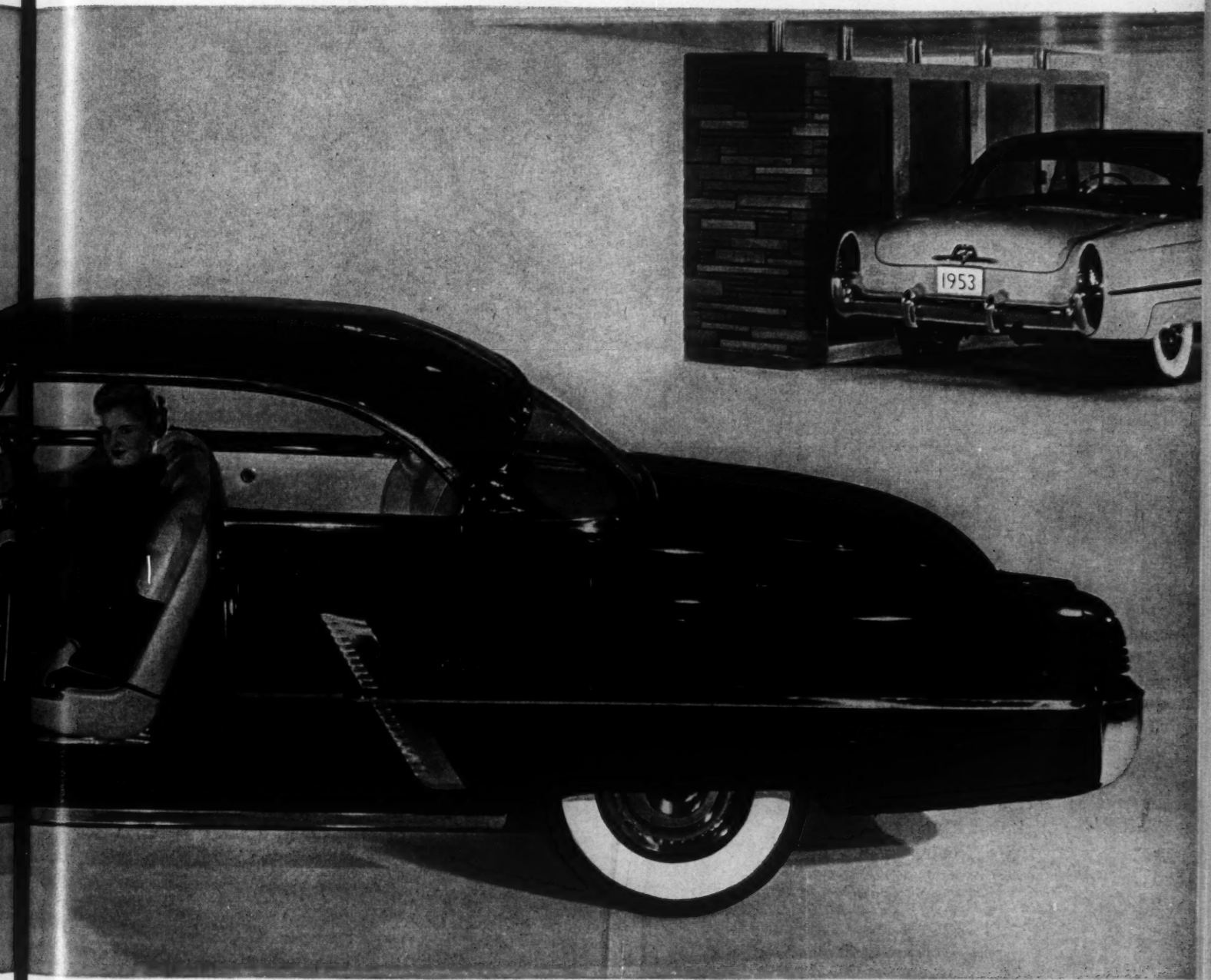

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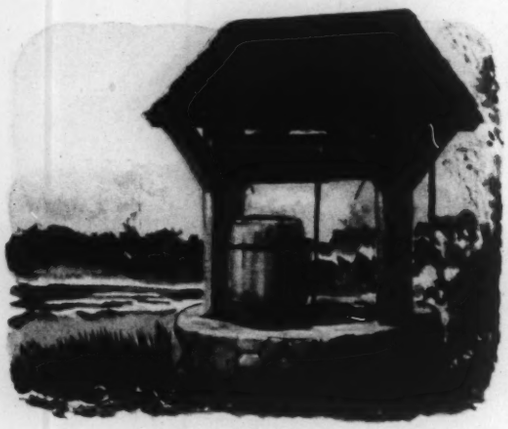

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

or lobster as Lili Pons likes it, this is the book for you. Many of the recipes are really good, so don't be put off by the somewhat hysterical cuteness with which they are presented.

EARLY AMERICAN WOOD CARVING—by Erwin O. Christensen—pp. 149 and heavily illustrated—*Nelson, Foster & Scott*—$5.00.

It is to be expected that a book of this sort will have good illustrations, and Mr. Christensen's work does not disappoint. But what is particularly pleasing, because unexpected, is the clarity and spareness of the writing which accompanies the pictures; too many books of this sort are muddled and amateurish in style. The author, who is curator of the Index of American Design in the National Gallery of Art at Washington, shows us the glories of architectural ornament, shop-signs, ships' figureheads, merry-go-round horses and a great variety of other objects which were carved from wood, with great skill and honesty of design. A beautiful, fascinating book.

WORLD COSTUMES—by Angela Bradshaw—pp. 191, with 16 color plates and 142 pages of drawings—*Macmillan*—$8.50.

Pleasing and informative though this book is, it has the basic fault of all costume guides which are filled with drawings by one artist—all lands and all periods look too much alike. A twentieth century Anglo-American concept of the human body, and a twentieth century Anglo-American concept of what is beautiful and acceptable, is stamped on every picture. Only contemporary drawings can tell us what people of past ages thought about themselves, and how they sought to appear to the world. Nevertheless, this book is a good introduction to a vast and fascinating subject, and there are many people who must think of national and historical costume in relation to themselves before they can relate it to another race or another age. This may be recommended, then, as a book to be used in conjunction with more detailed and immediately authentic works.

THE RUNNING OF THE BULLS — by Homer Casteel—pp. 143 with many drawings by the author—*Dodd, Mead & Co.*—$4.95.

Modestly described as "a description of the bullfight" this handsome book is the best thing on its subject since Hemingway's *Death In The Afternoon*. It describes and illustrates every aspect of this ritual sport, and only the most intransigent reader will fail to recognize that it *is* a sport, and not a display of cruelty. The book succeeds in making clear what the bullfight is about, and when that is understood it seems no more cruel than, for instance, a game of rugby. The illustrations, by the author, are always admirably clear and some of them have beauty.

JOHN GIELGUD—compiled by Hallam Fordham—pp. 128 with elaborate illustration—*Longmans, Green*—$6.00.

It was an excellent idea to present this biography of one of the great actors of our time in the form of a pictorial record, with three well-written essays by Mr. Gielgud himself, and informative notes on the photographs. The book brings the man to life and gives an impression of his work in a way which no biography depending chiefly on the written word could do.

Mr. Gielgud has been well served by the photographers, for his special combination of the grand manner and a finely poetic style is beautifully captured in these illustrations, and the book is a delight for the theatre historian and the theatre lover. Some of our club-footed, ham-handed, radio-trained Canadian actors should pore over these pictures and strive to learn their secret.

THE SECOND HAPPIEST DAY—by John Phillips—pp. 409—*Musson*—$3.75.

It was never much of a secret that the author of this first novel is the son of John Marquand; he is following in father's footsteps, and doing it well. The Marquand characters, and the Marquand atmosphere are here, but not weary nor second-hand; it is a remarkable feat of trying on the crown of one who is still a reigning monarch.

The story is that of a young man who is pushed into a world of wealth and privilege in which he has no secure place; he suffers some humiliations and some minor triumphs, and he has a ringside seat at some notable exhibitions of folly. But, as with Marquand senior, the story is less important than the fine, detailed, satiric evocation of the atmosphere of wealth and a peculiar sort of wealthy simple-mindedness. This is an excellent novel by a writer of talent. What American letters will do with two Marquands in the field, we don't quite know.

I AND MY TRUE LOVE—by Helen MacInnes—pp. 317—*McLeod*—$4.00.

This author, who is highly regarded as a writer of adventure stories of superior quality, here adventures herself into something very like tragedy, and does it well. Because of a love affair which cannot turn out happily, the heroine throws herself under a bus, and the hero returns to certain death in Czechoslovakia. The characters are admirably drawn, they are endowed with intelligence and subtle perception, and the writing is swift and skilful.

This is a book which will read well in twenty years, because the immediacy of its problem is not all that gives it quality as a book. Four dollars, however, is a lot for a novel, and Mr. Abbott, who has made one friendly gesture toward Canadian readers, might consider removing the excise tax from American books entering this country.

T. J. A.

•

He is durable. Few who heard him perform with such gusto and enjoyment last night knew that he was getting by on only three hours' sleep. "I snag Rigoletto at the Met then jumped on a plane for Toronto," he grinned.—From report in *Toronto Telegram* on concert by Jan Peerce.

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Pill and Jam

PRODUCERS of musical biography always find themselves in an ambivalent position, which is made especially difficult when the music involved is classical or semi-classical in type. Will those not musically-minded accept the music for the sake of the biography? Will the musically-minded swallow the biography for the sake of the music? Which element in the story is the pill and which the jam?

If you are spending a couple of million dollars on a production, this is a very important point to consider, particularly when you realize, as sharply as Hollywood does, that what is jam for one group is likely to be pill for the other.

As a rule, the producers fall back on a working compromise. Biography and music each get their turn. Sometimes the biography takes precedence over the music. Sometimes the music that emerges is sufficiently full-bodied to make you forget the dubious taste of the biography. This appears to be the procedure followed in *Tonight We Sing*, screen biography of Sol Hurok, the Russian-born impresario whose clientele included such famous figures as Chaliapin, Eugene Ysaye, and Anna Pavlova.

The story itself runs true to formula. Early in life, young Sol Hurok recognizes that his single talent lies in his ability to exploit the talent of others. So he comes to the Land of Opportunity, and after a number of early setbacks establishes himself as the American promoter of Violinist Eugene Ysaye. Supported by the faithful love of his wife Emma, he goes on from success to success, until progress becomes monotonous and a crisis is indicated.

So Emma abandons him, bankruptcy threatens, and there is a period of prolonged but not very acute suspense. Then Chaliapin comes to the rescue with a gladstone bag stuffed with bills in all the larger denominations. Emma returns, success returns, and the curtains draw together on a ringing smash-bit finale. Here, as in all screen musical biography, the incidents leading up to the denouement may be real or fictional; but the fundamental pattern is inviolable.

Chaliapin is played here by Ezio Pinza, Ysaye by Isaac Stern, Pavlova by Tamara Toumanova and Sol Hurok by David Wayne in a curly black wig. Pinza sings snatches from *Boris Godunov* and *Faust*, Stern plays a Wieniawski Concerto, Toumanova dances *The Dying Swan*. But Pinza isn't Chaliapin, Stern isn't Ysaye, Toumanova, though endowed with wonderful presence and grace, isn't Pavlova, and the biography clearly isn't biography. The gap between the production and its pretensions is too wide to be bridged by even the best available talent, the familiar tricks of plot and presenta-

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tion fall a little flat, and you are left feeling as though you have been handed a splendidly wrapped gold brick.

Home at Seven, starring Ralph Richardson and Margaret Leighton, is an English suspense story, developed in leisurely and unexciting fashion, with a maximum of domestic dialogue and detail and a minimum of visual surprise. Clearly the director had never come under the influence of Alfred Hitchcock and this in itself gives the picture a quality of mild novelty.

It is the story of a gentlemanly bank employee, who disappears into a fog of amnesia for 24 hours and recovers to find that during the blank period someone, who might conceivably be himself, has committed robbery and murder. Both Ralph Richardson and Margaret Leighton are able to convey with considerable poignance the deepening anguish of the pair caught in this predicament, and this is quite an achievement, since the film itself has the gentle tone and tempo of a story in an English woman's magazine.

Royal Heritage, the accompanying film, is a sumptuous documentary which touches on the coming Coronation, then goes back to trace the development through history of the most splendid pageant that remains to the Western World. It is a fascinating story, handled with high dramatic and historical understanding. The screen commentary is delivered by Actor Robert Donat.

Practically all the leading characters in *Angel Face* come to a bad end, thanks to the activities of Angel Face herself (Jean Simmons), a pretty girl with the morals of a black widow spider. She is the daughter of a doting novelist (Herbert Marshall), who hasn't put pen to paper since he married a wealthy widow (Barbara O'Neill). In the rather peculiar mind of the heroine, this waste of talent seems sufficient reason for bumping off her step-mother. However, this takes thought, and in the intervals of plotting murder, she spends her time moodily playing the piano and making love to the new chauffeur (Robert Mitchum).

Eventually, she succeeds in sending both her father and stepmother over a cliff in the family car, and at this point Chauffeur Mitchum, though no brighter than he should be, figures it is time to clear out. He doesn't move quite fast enough, however, and the moral seems to be not to get into cars with strange girls; certainly not with girls as strange as Angel Face.

MARY LOWREY ROSS

•

"Times of Trouble"

(Letter to The London *Observer*)

Sir—I wish Professor Arnold Toynbee had not told Mr. Hyams that once upon a time civilizations used to have "times of troubles" when they were very, very artistic, and then they got stuck. Of course, Mr. Hyams immediately and very cleverly sees that we are becoming stuck, and so we do not read short stories.

This does get me in such a muddle. My father used to tell me that I was decadent because I read so many stories. So I stopped it and started to read critics like Mr. Hyams, and now he tells me that I am decadent because I read so few stories, and if I don't hurry up and read more I shall become a monolith like Russia or America.

I do wish we could stay all the time in the troubles, because then we could read stories all day long, for our civilization would be going Up and not Down, and all the short-story writers would get rich and we should all be happy ever after.

—Yours faithfully,
Nottingham. K. A. BAIRD

•

(Letter to The London *Times*)

Sir—Your Salisbury (Rhodesia) correspondent's account of Mrs. Bobbie Pritchard's experience (when she found her golf ball resting on a python nearly 10 feet long and played the ball after the python had been shot) is interesting, but it is not unique, as in 1909 I was playing golf at Parit Buntar (Malaya) when my ball came to rest on a 10 foot crocodile. The crocodile was shot by me before I proceeded with the game. The late Mr. Lachlan McLean accompanied me.

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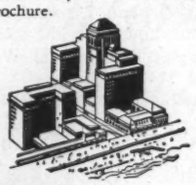

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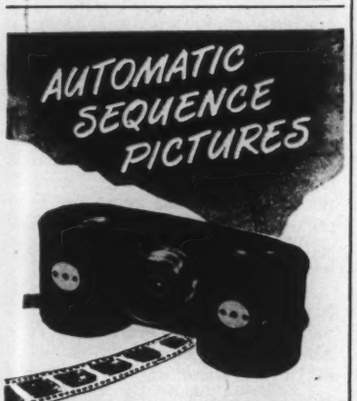

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Sports

Sporty Hamiltonians

THERE'S SOMETHING in the atmosphere of Hamilton that must attract particularly lusty travellers. For instance, it was no coincidence that Sir Benjamin Stockley and Irish Davey Ambersley should settle in Hamilton when they voyaged from the British Isles. And, it was no coincidence that Hamilton should be the home of Charlie Conkle, who is reputed to have been, pound for pound, the outstanding rough-and-tumble, catch-as-catch-can athlete in Canadian history.

Having heard the terrifying legend of Conkle's career, your correspondent was understandably surprised when he met the man, for the first time, in the back-room of Conkle's service station. This tiger proved to be only slightly larger than a beer stein. He peered through gentle eyes; he spoke in a low, husky voice; and he was tending his singing canaries—scores of canaries.

There are countless stories of the manner in which Conkle destroyed larger men. His opponents invariably were larger men because when men his own size saw him in action, they turned and wisely fled. When Charles shook hands, his opponent could feel the blood spurting from the ends of his own fingers.

The epic match of his career was one in which he was tossed in against a Japanese judo expert who outweighed him by 100 pounds. No holds or blows were barred, and the customers had the foresight to refrain from sitting in the first three rows of ringside seats. Very soon, the Japanese had Charlie in a stranglehold which appeared to be quite capable of concluding Conkle's life. Charles' eyeballs were sticking out like light-globes, but he grasped one of his opponent's legs, twisted his hands and broke that leg into small pieces. End of fight.

The late Sir Benjamin Stockley was a circus booth-fighter from Birmingham, England, a city the name of which he insisted upon pronouncing "Burning'am." His title was conferred upon him, gratuitously, by Canadian sports-writers who delighted in his company and salty reminiscences. It was natural that he should find his way to Hamilton and re-engage in his pugilistic pursuits. It is recorded that he engaged in his last bout at the age of 46.

Apart from his ring activities, Sir Benjamin was what would have been referred to in his native Burning'am as "a sporting man." He knew all concerning game-chickens and he knew his share of pit-bull terriers. Once, when a game-cocking tournament was raided by the Provincial Police, a conservative daily newspaper reported

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that "Ben Stockley and 52 other inmates were taken into custody."

He could have contributed much more to the sporting lore of Hamilton but the pestiferous constabulary insisted upon intruding upon a second-storey dice-game one Sunday afternoon. Very regretfully, Sir Benjamin stepped through a window, slid down a roof and headed for Toronto. Hamilton's loss was Toronto's gain—but, of his career, more later.

The unquestioned arbiter of all sporting disputes in the Hamilton area was Irish Davy Ambersley. Early in his life, Davey had been bitten by a record-book, an incident which left a lasting impression on him. He could —and still can—quote the closing price on the favorite in the 1914 renewal of The Kentucky Derby; the lifetime batting average of George "High-Pockets" Kelly or the world record for the hop-step-and-jump; or he could tell you the color of Annette Kellerman's original one-piece bathing suit. He could also give you the exact dimensions of The Venus of Milo.

Irish Davey, who was known also as the unofficial Mayor of Van Wagner's Beach, operated the most famous unlicensed premises in Southern Ontario. It was a pleasant watering-hole for thirsty wayfarers, bound from Toronto to the race courses at Niagara Falls or Fort Erie. In the evenings, the little house was crammed with broken-down pugilists, jockeys and their agents, politicians, legitimate publicans, Hamilton industrialists and even the occasional gentlemen of the cloth. Until a fatal shooting forced the padlocking of this estimable establishment nearly four years ago, Irish Davey presided shrilly over this menage, settling sporting arguments with the finality of certain knowledge; chastening the male visitor who failed to remove his hat in the presence of a lady, and ordering the immediate ejection of a gentleman who employed profane language. The operation of his estaminet was odd, but because of the humanitarian manner in which he assuaged the thirst of his fellowmen, he earned some strange form of immunity from the hawk-eyed representatives of the law who roamed the nearby highway.

Despite his colossal knowledge of sports, Irish Davey suffered from the tragic delusion that he could predict accurately the results of horse races. The misfortunes which befell him in his attempts to prove his theories resulted in several of his bookmakers owning chateaux in the south of France.

There was, for instance, the day many years ago when he was attending the races in Chicago. A sterling steed named Big Bear was the only entry in the steeple-chase and, more as a lark than anything else, the bookmakers quoted odds of 1-to-100 against Big Bear completing the course. The larceny in Irish Davey's soul got the better of him and he wagered a bundle on Big Bear.

Big Bear fell at the last jump and broke his neck.

Much more recently, Ambersley had established what is believed to be a Canadian record by wagering on 41 consecutive losers. He confided his sorrows to John Passero, a competent trainer of thoroughbreds, who comforted him by saying that if it "came up mud" at Woodbine the following day, a beast named Tropics would win by as far as a strong-armed country boy could throw a big red apple.

The next afternoon, Irish Davey was sitting, glooming, when he heard thunder. He looked out across the lake at Toronto and, sure enough, a violent rain storm was in progress. Elated, Davey rushed for the telephone to call his bookmaker.

Before he could dial the correct number, a bolt of lightning hit the telephone box on the side of the house; Ambersley was hurled clear into the kitchen and was almost drowned in an immense Irish stew which was sitting in a cauldron on the floor.

When telephone service was restored, some hours later, he ascertained that Tropics had won at Woodbine and paid $17.80.

It could happen only to an Irishman.

But, to get back to Sir Benjamin Stockley; attempting to select a couple of suitable anecdotes from Sir Benjamin's life is much like attempting to select the outstanding tid-bit from a dish of salted cashews.

There was Benny's old gymnasium through which strolled the world's greatest athletes—a gymnasium housed in an abandoned church. It was a fantastic place with the walls decorated with sporting prints and every imaginable piece of sporting equipment. And, there was the day when his creditors finally caught up with him and the bailiffs held a sale of his belongings and the second-hand dealers from all over the city backed their trucks to his door to carry away his treasures. The loyal urchins of the neighborhood, ignoring their parental teachings for the minute, surreptitiously removed the purchases from the second-hand dealers' trucks and spirited them back in to the gymnasium through another door.

There was the Sir Benjamin who refused to be impressed by famous names unless the bearers of those names proved themselves to be "sporting men." There was the day when your correspondent took Gabby Hartnett, the baseball hero, to Benny's place and introduced him.

"'E's an 'ealthy looking so-and-so," observed Sir Benjamin loudly, "'e 'as a face like a piece of raw salmon."

"Benny," protested your correspondent, "Gabby's the great catcher for the Chicago Cubs."

"Coo," blandly replied Sir Benjamin, the old pugilist, "I was a great catcher meself—lookit me ears!"

Then, there was the day of Sir Benjamin's funeral. Looking around that chapel, you could see a cross-section of Canada and the cross section of an era. I don't suppose that one of Canada's wealthiest industrialists knew that the man who sat directly behind him was a once-great fighter whose life had been ruined by narcotics as, in the presence of death, all sat with their own memories. And over that crowded chapel hovered the restless spirits of generation upon generation of "sporting men."

JIM COLEMAN

Business

U.S. Investment Trusts Interest Canada

OF GREAT interest to the Canadian investor, although most of the stocks concerned are traded on the New York Stock Exchange, are the trends of thought of professional investment management evident in the quarterly reports of 60 American Investment Trusts.

These trusts, with their large holdings and transactions, influence both short and long term market action (and, incidentally, the Dow-Jones Averages) and their trading action, especially in stock groups such as base metals, papers and oils, is a sign of the economic times which the prudent investor should not ignore.

Due to the size of their holdings, these trusts operate on what is called "formula plan" investing. Funds are transferred from stocks to bonds when the market is rising, at levels such as 280, 290, 300 on the Dow-Jones Industrial Average, and back from bonds to stocks when the averages fall below certain levels.

These broad rules, of course, are modified by the general economic outlook and the particular factors affecting individual groups and stocks.

The most important indication given by these reports is that, despite the current business boom, only a modest reversal of the trend towards liquidation of stock positions, evident in the July-September period of 1952, was made in the final quarter of the year. Of the 60 companies reporting, 35 decreased their cash positions slightly, 16 increased cash positions and 9 remained unchanged. This compares with the September report, when 17 companies decreased their cash positions, 34 increased cash positions and 9 remained unchanged.

It is apparent from these reports that, in the main, the managers of these funds are not too optimistic about the longer term outlook, and are noting the various warning signals evident in the trend to surpluses in nearly all commodities, shown by steadily declining prices, the expansion of consumer credit, increasing inventories, and the dwindling profit margins of industry.

Tabulation by The National City Bank of New York of the net income of 2,237 corporations, shows profit margins continuing the downtrend from 1950. Net income of the corporations declined 3 per cent in 1952 from $8.4 billion to $8.1 billion. Over half of the companies reporting showed decreases. The statements of 1,031 companies showed combined net income down 11 per cent.

The next report will likely show a decrease in stock holdings and the summary of group action following will offer indications of where the greatest selling pressure will lie. These figures, of course, do not give any indications of the total holdings of the 44 Trust groups (funds handled by the same management are considered as a unit). Only the changes and highlights of the extensive list are presented here. Actual volume of key stocks, such as those used in the Dow-Jones averages, is shown in parentheses.

Agricultural equipment: 2 Trusts bought 10,000 shares and 7 Trusts sold 28,200 shares. Three of the sellers eliminated stocks in this group from their portfolios on indications that farm income and spending are declining.

Automotive: 52 purchases totalling 115,500 shares were made in this group against 14 sales totalling 114,100 shares. Buying was concentrated in General Motors (39,800), and Chrysler (20,200) was the most heavily sold.

Beverages: 10 purchases of 7,500 shares in this group were outweighed by 6 sales of 23,400 shares. Distillers Corp.-Seagrams (20,100) was sold by 3 Funds.

Building materials: 42 purchases of 75,495 shares against 18 sales of 51,300 shares in 16 companies were recorded. Buying was concentrated in cement and glass companies, while roofing and lumber stocks were sold, as was American Radiator (30,300), which was sold by 5 Trusts.

Chemicals: Buyers outweighed sellers in this group 66 to 9, with pur-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 34

Arbley & Crippen

DR. THEODORE A. LINK: Oil diviner

Who's Who in Business

IT'S A FAR CRY from the days when the first "wildcatter" threw his hat into the air and set up a drilling rig on the spot where it fell. And in those days before World War I, that was as likely a method as any of finding the elusive liquid treasure, oil.

Men punched holes at the foot of mountains, beside swamps and in the centre of rich, golden cornfields; they dragged their heavy equipment through towns and into the rugged countryside beyond. Sometimes they were lucky and struck oil, but more often, they drilled and drilled, and went broke.

Nowadays, the drills of the prospector may still turn up nothing more than earth and water. But the hit-or-miss methods of earlier years are outdated; the odds against failure are lessened by modern methods, skilled geologists, and what cliché-ridden film documentaries describe as "the wonders of modern science".

One of the leaders in this new generation of oil diviners is the successful team of Link & Nauss, located in Calgary close to Western Canada's rich oil fields. From there, the firm's reputation has spread to Washington. The U.S. Federal Power Commission recently turned to them for advice on gas problems.

The firm's senior partner, Theodore A. Link, 56, was born in La Porte, Indiana, and came to Canada after graduating from the University of Chicago, in 1919, because he wanted "to see the world".

He returned to Chicago nine years later to receive his Doctor's degree in geology but meantime he'd had the type of success that started building his reputation: almost immediately after joining Imperial Oil he located the abundant discovery well at Fort Norman, North West Territories.

Still seeing the world, he worked for the International Petroleum Company in Colombia, South America, from 1923 to 1926 when he returned to Imperial Oil as Western Canadian geologist-in-charge.

A slender, active man (5 ft. 11 ins., 170 lbs.) Dr. Link raised his four children himself.

During the war he excelled himself: while working on the famed Canol project in Canada's remote Northwest he discovered more oil than the pipeline would carry. And it was partly his work as Imperial Oil's chief geologist in the postwar years that led to the opening of the famed Leduc oil field—and the subsequent oil boom in Alberta.

It was a direct result of this, too, that quickly realizing the opportunities for such services, he set himself up as an independent consulting petroleum geologist, and 1950 saw the incorporation of Link & Nauss Ltd., with head office in Calgary and a branch office in Toronto.

An amateur astronomer, Dr. Link likes to play golf, curl and shoot birds; somehow he also finds time to dabble in oil painting and photography. One year ago he gave up smoking and, though occasionally tempted to sneak a few puffs, he has so far grimly stuck to his resolve.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 34

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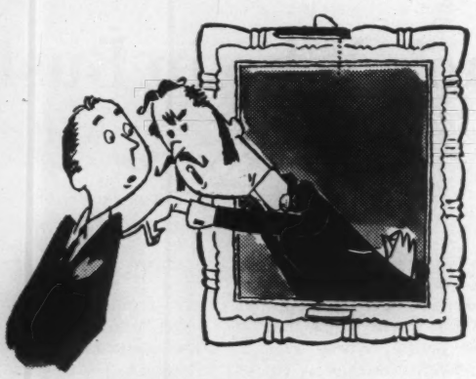

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Pressed Metals

Can you give me any information regarding the earnings outlook for Pressed Metals Corporation? —L. H. McL., Toronto.

We understand that much of the difficulty experienced in the production of military material has been overcome, and while the forthcoming annual report for 1952 will reflect these difficulties, the picture is much brighter.

The last quarter of 1952 and the first quarter of this year are showing a considerable increase in earnings, and some sources now estimate the earnings for 1953 will be close to $3 per share.

The high rate of automotive production has increased the demands for the company's products. The payment of cash dividends, recently resumed, indicates that the company is in a much better financial position than it was a year ago.

New Ribago

I would be interested in information on New Ribago Mines. What is the current value of its shares and how would you regard its future prospects?—A. B. MacK., Halifax.

New Ribago was reorganized in 1944 on the basis of 1 Ribago Rouyn and 1 Continental Copper share for ten old ones. Over the counter quotations are 1 to 3 cents on Ribago Rouyn and 11 to 13 cents on Continental Copper. We would suggest you contact the transfer agents, the Crown Trust Co. of Toronto, as to the exact standing of the shares that you hold.

Both of the succeeding companies must be rated as prospects only.

Silanco

Some time ago I bought a considerable number of shares of Silanco at 60 cents. At the present market value this represents a heavy loss. What in your opinion is the future of this stock?—D. M., Toronto.

The amalgamation of Silanco and other companies, as approved by shareholders recently, will result in Silanco turning over all its properties, with the exception of the Violet and Beaver mines, to Cobalt Consolidated.

In return Silanco will receive 575,000 shares of Cobalt Consolidated plus $111,110 for supplies, etc. Silanco will then hold some 650,000 shares of Cobalt Consolidated, 222,949,000 shares of Cobalt Chemical and 25,000 shares of Cobalt Properties.

By integrating operations, this should result in a reduction of operating costs of some $300,000 per year, according to the management.

The future of the company depends upon the development of adequate ore reserves, upon it being able to produce cobalt concentrates at a price that will enable it to make a profit, and whether or not sufficient working capital can be raised from the sale of the remaining 1,325,000 shares of Cobalt Consolidated.

The nature of the silver and cobalt ore occurrences in this area makes the development of ore reserves difficult, due to their erratic disposition in the host rock.

Cobalt is apparently moving into surplus supply. The price of the metal, landed at New York, now stands at $2.40 a pound. Concentrates are worth roughly half of that and are to be supported shortly at $1.40 a pound by the Federal Government, a reduction of 60 cents per pound in the subsidy. Considerable competition is felt from Belgian Congo sources.

Finances represent the greatest problem of all, for at last report Cobalt Consolidated shows a deficit in working capital of $276,286. Silanco shows a deficit of $140,357 after writeoff of a profit of $131,829.

It is evident from this that the new organization must overcome some serious problems. While no market price or options are yet in evidence on Cobalt Consolidated, the success or failure of the expected share offering will tell the story. The market will tell this tale, if the sponsors cannot hold the price above the option price the stock should be sold.

Dominion Textile

Over a year ago I purchased equities in the Dominion Textile Co. Ltd., basing my judgment, for a long-term investment, on its reputation for stable, conservative management, and the fact that it is included in the portfolios of several mutual trust funds. Since that time the stock has gone down appreciably. I would be pleased if you would tell me the cause of this decline?—A. L. V. P., Regina.

The problems of over-capacity, highly competitive markets and sharply reduced profits are not confined to the Canadian textile industry. Cotton, held at artificially high prices by American crop support programs, is at a price disadvantage with textiles such as rayon.

Dominion Textile, with much of its capacity in cotton manufacturing, has not only had to face this competition, but also the competition of imports from the United States cheapened by the high exchange premium on the Canadian dollar.

This was reflected in the decline in common share earnings to 61 cents at March 1952, and the deficit of $220,648 incurred after dividends were deducted from the net profit of $1,717,256.

The outlook for the coming year would seem to be little changed from the pattern followed by the industry in 1951-1952. Severe competition and low profit margins are expected to

prevail; the problem of over-capacity in the world's textile industry is apparently chronic. New synthetic fabrics will continue to cut into cotton's traditional markets until the price of raw cotton falls to the point where cotton textiles regain a competitive edge.

The low earnings and the top-heavy capital structure of Dominion Textile, where some $26,940,600 of senior issues precede the common, make the common very vulnerable to a reduction in dividends. Thus the current yield of 6 per cent on the 60-cent dividend is not considered attractive. Recommendation: switch to high-grade bonds where an almost equivalent yield is available.

Ventures

I would appreciate your observations on Ventures. I note from the portfolio of this holding company that one share of Ventures holds approximately one and one-third shares of Falconbridge and one and one-half shares of Frobisher, besides other companies. At present market prices the value of the shares of these two companies is considerably more than the price Ventures is selling for. Could you explain this?—G. J. K., Vancouver.

Holding companies traditionally sell at prices that undervalue the market prices of the stocks held in the portfolio. One of the reasons for this is that the dividend return is usually smaller than you would receive from direct participation in one of the operating companies. For example, Ventures last year paid 30 cents and Falconbridge paid 50 cents.

Triad Oil

Would you give me your opinion on Triad Oil. I have held this stock for some time at a loss and am wondering whether to take my losses and try to make them up in some of the mining stocks. Do you think I should continue to hold this stock?—A. D. K., Winnipeg.

Triad recently merged with Atlantis Development Corp. and Alton Oils. This gives Triad proved oil reserves of some 13 million barrels and liquid assets of $3.5 million. The annual report for 1952 shows working capital of $2,338,350.

The company appears to be in an excellent condition to continue its program of expansion and production revenue should improve with the completion of the pipeline to Vancouver. At the present price of 2.45, the stock appears to be much more of a buy than a sale.

New Pacalta

When New Pacalta Oils refinanced, I purchased some stock in the company. I have not heard anything of progress. Does this company own property in a promising district? Do you think there is a future with this company?—J. L. D., Montreal.

At last report, New Pacalta held minority interests in seven producing wells in the Whitemud and Leduc fields. Future prospects depend upon the company being able to arrange a new financing deal for the balance of the shares remaining in the treasury. The previous options held by Alator Corporation were not taken up last September.

It appears that the company suffers from a lack of working capital and a further reorganization or a merger with other companies may be forced. We would suggest that you consider changing your holdings to a company with adequate working capital and a good oil reserve position.

Aunor Gold Mines

As a subscriber to SATURDAY NIGHT *I should appreciate seeing your analysis of Aunor Gold Mines.—J. S. A. T., Toronto.*

Aunor has been one of the few gold mines to continue profitable production through this period of high costs that has reduced gold mining to the status of a depressed industry.

Result of operations for the year ending December 1952 show a net profit of $404,403, or 20 cents per share. This compares not too unfavorably with the 1951 net profit of $488,903 or 24 cents per share. This difference is partly due to the decision to forego the subsidy payments in favor of selling gold on the free market and to increased operating costs.

The current market range of 2.76-3.10 is just about in line with the book value of $2.50 plus market value of investments $.75 and gives an average yield on the 18 cent dividend of 6 per cent. Thus at 3¼ the stock would be fully valued.

This, however, is a static picture based on historical data. Gold mines eventually are worked out and we note that operating costs have increased $1.76 per ton to $13.73 per ton as ore above the 1,125-ft. level was exhausted. Ore reserves have been maintained and the average grade has improved from .381 to .426 ounces per ton.

The continuing decline in commodity prices and the Canadian dollar premium should work to the advantage of the company, and the high calibre of the management provided by the Noranda group should assure maximum efficiency of operation.

However, because gold has a fixed selling price, the industry is actually depressed and we are reluctant to consider gold mines as an investment when high grade bonds are carrying coupons of up to five per cent. The ratio of risk to gain is too small. Should buying opportunities present themselves, where yields of close to 10 per cent are available in well managed companies with adequate working capital and reserves, in a weak market we would advise purchases.

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Subscribers requesting information from Gold & Dross are asked to limit their queries to one company. We cannot undertake to review lists of stocks.

W.P.S.

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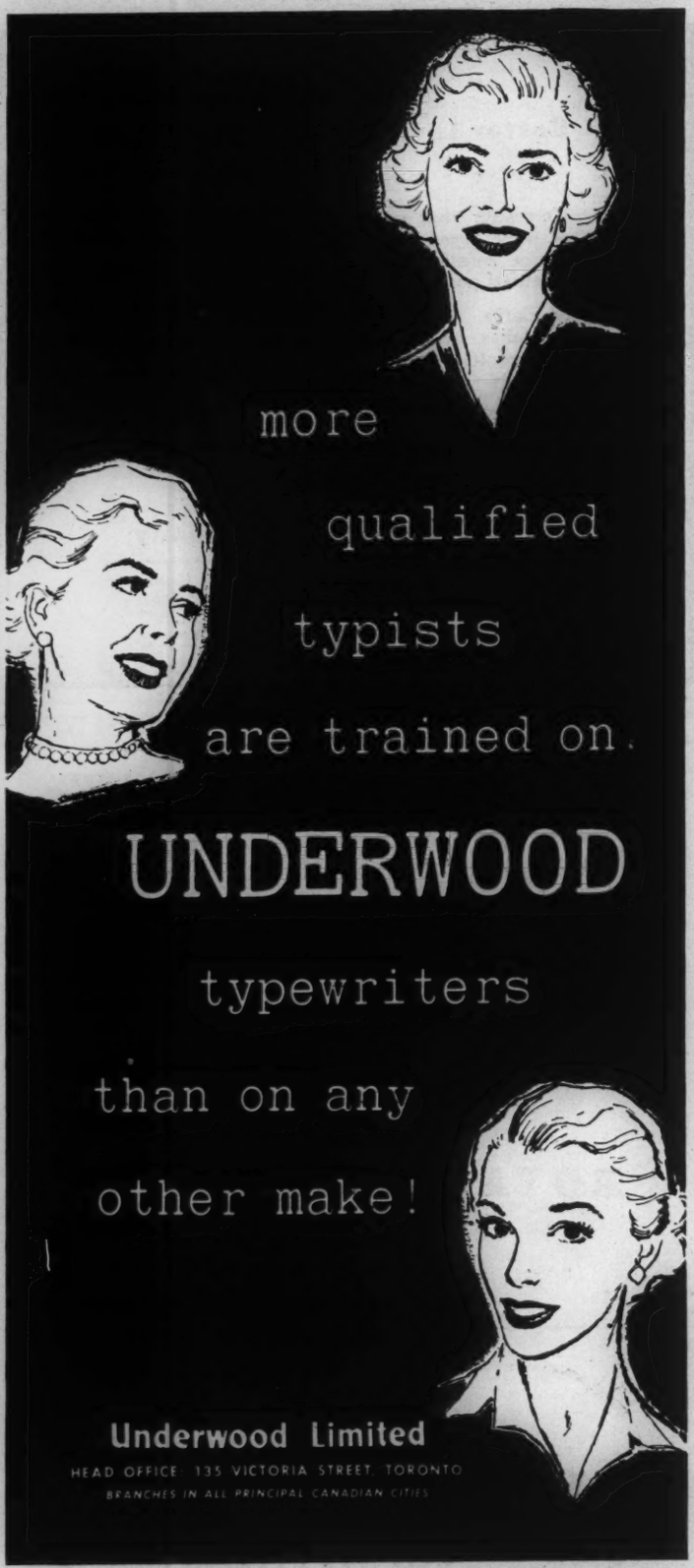

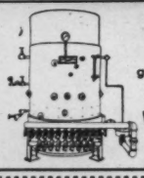

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Investment Trusts

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

chases of 161,398 shares to sales of 38,925. Dow Chemical (18,233) Du Pont (6,500) and Monsanto (9,500) were among the buying favorites, while Eastman Kodak (27,800) was eliminated from 4 portfolios.

Electrical equipment: 37 purchases of 88,250 shares were recorded in this group against sales of 11,400 shares by 9 Trusts. General Electric (21,800) and Westinghouse (13,500) were most heavily bought, and Radio Corp. (6,000) was most heavily sold. This buying trend was noted in the September report and both of these stocks recently marked new highs.

Financial and insurance: This group continued to illustrate the trend toward issues with strong defences against deflation. Buyers again far outnumbered sellers, on a ratio of 24 to 1. Purchases of 50,450 shares were spread over 10 companies while 15,900 shares of Bank of Manhattan were sold.

Metals and mining: 13 purchases in this group, totalling 28,180, favored copper and aluminum stocks. Reynolds Metals, an aluminum producer, was bought (9,780) by 3 Trusts. Consolidated Smelters (4,900) led the selling list. Continued selling from these sources, which sold considerable amounts of Canadian mining issues before, is contributing to the pressure evident on leading base metal issues since the turn of the year.

Paper: 28 buyers of 81,459 shares were noted against 9 sellers of 69,200 shares. Canadian issues, Abitibi (11,300) and International Paper took the brunt of the selling. A strong division of opinion is noted in this group, especially on International Paper, where seven purchases (34,200) were made against four sales (53,300). Since the Federal Budget appeared, paper issues have been leaders in the Canadian exchanges.

Petroleum: While 89 purchases amounting to 248,500 shares were made against 31 sales of 67,900 in this group, the oils have turned in a relatively poor performance compared with the general market. This has been reflected in the Canadian markets, where the oils in general have held to a very narrow trading range since the first of the year.

Buying features were Gulf (28,928) Shell (20,600) Socony (84,950) Standard of California (37,500) and Texas (34,600). Selling honors went to Atlantic (18,000) and International Pete (8,000).

Public utilities: The swing to defensive issues was further illustrated here, because public utility companies are considered a prime hedge against deflation. Purchases of 130 lots, totalling 578,000 shares, were marked against 52 sales of 229,200 shares.

Railroads: Some 289,000 shares were bought in 54 lots and 45,500 were sold in 15 sales in this group. Northern Pacific (51,500) was most favored on the buy side, and Canadian Pacific (19,000) was the most heavily sold with no offsetting purchases.

As can be seen from the volume of trading done by these trusts, they can effectively dominate the market at times, especially if their opinions approach unanimity. Their buying and selling tends to follow a cyclic pattern, with buying concentrated in the second and last quarters of the year and selling in the first and third quarters.

The continuing trend toward what are classed as "defensive stocks", and the increasing tendency by these trusts to hold funds in cash and bonds, together with the current market action, suggest the trusts are the sources of much of the supply that has limited the action of the market for nearly three months. The next report, covering the January-March quarter is expected to verify this assumption.

The evidence offered by the movement of funds by the managements of these trusts into less speculative issues warrants a re-examination of portfolios by investors, with a view to eliminating those stocks most vulnerable to the deflationary forces now evident in the economy.

W. P. SNEAD

Dr. Theodore A. Link

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

And as befits a man closely associated with so explosive a substance as oil, young Dr. Nauss does not smoke either. Arthur William Nauss he was named when born in Regina, 37 years ago, and his career bears a marked resemblance to that of his partner in the firm.

He, too, worked for Imperial Oil in Northwestern Canada after graduating from Stanford University, and before that New Brunswick and McGill. He, too, did geological research for International Petroleum in Peru.

Because of the skills of such men, the day of the wildcatter's hunch is almost gone. But finding oil in marketable quantities is still a chancy business—and nobody knows it better than the lynx-eyed Dr. Link. After the important discovery of the Malmo field, the first coral reef discovery by an independent company, he was asked for the elusive secret for discovering oil.

"We used the same formula," he said, with a twinkle in his eye, "geological intuition, divine guidance and intestinal fortitude."

JOHN WILCOCK

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In the commercial field, air transportation in the U.S. became a billion dollar industry for the first time in 1952, with the passengers accounting for more than 80 per cent of the revenues. Preliminary estimates indicate that in 1952 more than 25 million passengers travelled by air. Transport builders have orders for 400 planes, approximately the same as a year ago. Several plane makers are working on jet transports but are still far behind British and Canadian competition. The output of private planes in the States jumped from 2400 in 1951 to 3200 in 1952. Trade officials look for a further gain that will bring production of the small plane to the highest level since 1948.

Saturday Night

Insurance

The Balance Sheet

FINANCIAL STATEMENTS of insurance companies share honors with seed catalogues as harbingers of Spring, though it is more than doubtful that the populace pores over both with equal concentration.

"Growth" is the dominant note in either context, but where the one brags becomingly about a "crop" that is already harvested, the other paints exciting pictures of a crop to come.

The seed people win.

Through sheer color, exuberance and cajolery ("*Anyone* can grow slender, graceful *Leontodon Taraxacum*!") garden price lists dazzle winter-weary readers who do not give the growth record of their insurance companies a second glance.

Offered for study during the seedsman's intensive sales promotion period, insurance company pronouncements—in financial papers and trade journals largely—usually take one of two forms: a condensed balance sheet, or a modest avowal that the company's Surplus to Policyholders currently stands at so many million dollars.

This spring splurge of annual statements reaches its peak in April and May. Insurance publications feature these exhibits heavily, but enough slop over into the popular press to make policyholders as well as insurance people aware of them.

Because it is certain that most citizens—a lot of insurance agents included—have little idea what an insurance company's financial statement is all about, a forthcoming article in this column will note some hints that may promote clearer understanding.

In the meantime, why do these balance sheets burgeon so bountifully all more or less at once? Under whose watchful eye are all the astronomic figures in them sifted?

Here is the prelude:

Every purveyor of fire, casualty, life or fraternal insurance in Canada is required by law to disclose complete data, in prescribed form, covering each calendar year's operations at an early date in the following year.

It is important to realize that every detail in the intricate pattern of Canada's multi-million dollar "Protection" market—into whose coffers policyholders poured fire and casualty insurance premiums alone amounting to $409,470,196 during 1951—is under constant and meticulous surveillance.

When an insurance company's advertisement appears in the spring, presenting with pride its previous year's progress, it is a certainty that each digit of its affluence has been painstakingly checked by one or more of the country's most thoroughgoing public service departments.

Eyes of the Dominion and Provincial Superintendents of Insurance are cautious, quizzical and constantly alert.

When the public sees an insurance company's balance sheet, or excerpts from it, in print, it is indication that such an institution has "satisfied the examiners".

G. L. PRATT

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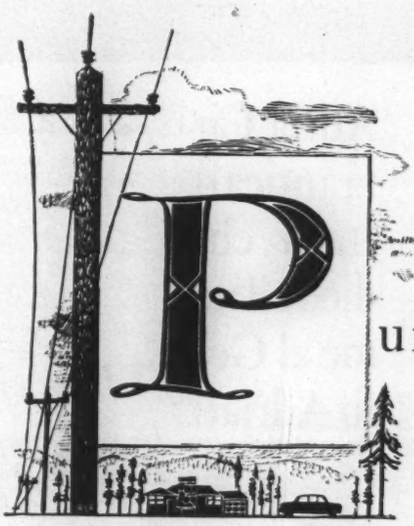
By Order of the Board,
N. J. McKINNON,
General Manager.

Toronto, 6th March 1953.



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Montreal Curb Comes of Age

THE MONTREAL curb market has come of age. A quarter of a century after its beginnings as a small mining and oil exchange, it marked its maturity last week by putting a new name above the door: the Canadian Stock Exchange.

The Montreal Curb Market served an important function, providing a proving ground for junior stocks, many of them mining and oil prospects which could not satisfy the listing requirements of the major exchange, and providing orderly facilities for the speculative trader.

How well the trading public has been served by this exchange is reflected not only in the increased listings—37 industrial and 26 mining stocks on opening day in October, 1926, and over 500 today—but in the volume of trading. On that day in 1926, trading came to the grand total of 27,000 shares; this year trading volume has often exceeded a million shares per day.

Boldness has always been a hallmark of what is now known as the Canadian Stock Exchange. In 1931, following the abandonment by Great Britain of the gold standard, minimum prices were established for listed stocks. But many saw that the basic principles of a free market place, the law of supply and demand which governs stock values, were not being followed. Thus, after two months of experiment, the members returned to the principles of free trading. It became the first exchange to free itself of such controls.

A few years later, along with the officers of the Montreal Stock Exchange and the provincial authorities, it assisted in developing the legislation which became the first Securities Act in Quebec.

By 1936 and up to the outbreak of World War II around 70 million shares were traded each year. Then, after several comparatively tranquil war-time years, the boom got underway. In 1950, trading volume passed the 100-million mark.

Canada's mining development in recent years has been reflected in the hustle and bustle inside the Montreal market's grey stone building on St. Francois-Xavier Street.

Through the 331 Canadian offices of its 92 members in all 10 provinces and 19 States in the U.S.A., the Exchange now provides trading facilities for securities valued at more than $2 billion.

Twice in its history the Montreal Curb Market was host to its neighbors of the Montreal Stock Exchange, providing emergency trading facilities for short periods in 1934 and 1951 while repairs were being carried out in the older Exchange. Fortunately, volume of business on both these occasions was relatively light, but even so the Board Room seemed likely to split at the seams with a double load of traders, attorneys and telephone clerks crowding the floor to do business.

Capital investments by Canadian companies during last year totalled more than $5 billion, well over half of which went into utilities, manufacturing and housing. And this doesn't take into account the many millions of dollars more poured in by foreign investors. The Canadian Stock Exchange comes into being at a time when the investment future of Canada looks brighter than ever.

J. W.

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Examination of official statistics relating to economic activity in Ontario reveals a continuance of the buoyant trend characteristic of the latter part of 1952, the Bureau of Statistics and Research reports. In 1952, the Province's non-agricultural industries employed 1.4% more persons than in 1951 and these people earned incomes 10.5% greater than in the previous year. In most fields of production, output in 1952 (eleven months) exceeded the 1951 levels. Production of pig iron and steel ingots was 5% and 4.4% higher than in the previous year, while television sets continued to show phenomenal percentage increases. Hydro electric power consumption in the Province in 1952 recorded a 5.4% increase over 1951. Steady or falling prices as indicated by the Consumers' Price Index and the index of wholesale prices, together with increases in personal income and the extension of credit facilities, combined to push retail sales to record levels.

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Giambattista Bodoni was one of the few type designers who was thoroughly appreciated and universally admired during his life. Born at Saluzzo, in Piedmont, he was appointed typographer to the court of the Duchy of Parma at the age of twenty-eight. At the height of his fame he was receiving retaining fees from Charles IV of Spain, the Viceroy of Italy and Napoleon Bonaparte. He was immensely proud of a congratulatory letter from Benjamin Franklin, whom he apparently imagined to be President of the United States!

Bodoni's influence on typography has been profound and widespread. His sharp, steely letters with their dramatic contrast of thick and thin strokes have become increasingly popular—and increasingly practical—with the development of modern coated papers. *The headings on this page are set in Bodoni Bold, the text in Bodoni Book.*

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Conversation Pieces:

GOLDEN Jubilee Ball of Royal Vancouver Yacht Club, under patronage of the Club's distinguished member, Lt.-Gov. Clarence Wallace and Mrs. Wallace . . . pleasant shopping surprise for Jamaica holidayers with opening of new craft shop, "Designs for Living", sponsored by Noel Coward, at Port Maria near his home "Blue Harbour" . . . engagement of Annette Savard, daughter of Hon. Mr. Justice and Mrs. Alfred Savard of Montreal, to James R. McLaughlin, also of Montreal . . . straw-rimmed spectacles to match your Eastern bonnet . . . IODE award of $200 to former *Edmonton Journal* staffer, Eugenie Butler Myles, for her contest novel of pioneer life in Alberta, "She Shall Be Queen" . . . Irene Kon, only woman Director of Advertising and Sales Club of Montreal . . . resignation of Mrs. M. M. Kirkwood after 17 years as Dean of St. Hilda's College, University of Toronto, and appointment as her successor of Katherine Darroch, from England . . . CONVERSATION PIECES: "French Impressionists" at Vancouver Art Gallery . . . Indiana wedding of Suzanne Ney, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. O. Ney of Victoria, and grand-daughter of Sir James and Lady Aikins of Winnipeg, to Lieut. W. C. Southwell, U.S. Army . . . Lord Beaverbrook and roses in the news: the Order of the Delta Gamma Rose conferred on the Beaver's niece, columnist Margaret Aitken of Toronto's *Telegram*, by her fraternity, the first Canadian to win this top award; and Rose Bay, NS, the hometown of Carolyn Mossman, one of the two women from Mount Allison University to win a 1953-54 Beaverbrook Overseas Scholarship . . . the other winner, Frances Noble of Woodstock, NB . . . Canadian Repertory Theatre, Ottawa, successfully shifting to a two weeks' run for each show . . . Mrs. H. F. Hines, new President of Vancouver Council of Women . . . Edmonton-born soprano Elina O'Hara of Saskatoon and Toronto, earning high praise in a recent recital in Italy . . . CONVERSATION PIECES: $25, a silver spoon and a silver cup to Ghislaine Collett of Shawinigan Falls (Que.) High School, in the Public Speaking Contest sponsored by McGill Alumnae Society, for telling how she learned to speak English . . . second chance to see the Queen for 18-year-old Anne Wray of Montreal (she was ill at time of Canadian Royal Tour), one of six girls leaving May 15 for the Coronation, to represent the IODE junior chapters . . . sailing a week later, and Coronation-bound too, the Garfield Weston contingent of 50 school girls, including Muriel Hill of Brantford, Ont., a full blooded Mohawk of the Six Nations . . . recently elected President of the National Council of Jewish Women, Mrs. Benjamin Robinson of Montreal, back from Cleveland, Ohio, convention of the American Council . . . a pleasant way to celebrate a 32nd wedding anniversary found by Mayor and Mrs. A. C. Wilde of Vernon, BC., who attended the wedding of Joyce Patricia White and the Mayor's nephew, James Herbert Butters . . . Vancouverite Joy Coghill, well-known children's theatre director, to head the University of British Columbia Summer School of the Theatre . . . jonquils in bloom, the flower of March . . . April wedding of Lola Decelles of Montreal and Quebec City to Dr. Mario Galea, a graduate of the University of Malta and a Rhodes Scholar . . . fragrance tip—saturate a cotton pad with favorite perfume and tape it to inside hem of your Spring suit skirt . . . the health education division of the Saskatchewan Department of Public Health as proxy baby sitter, with announcement of a course to assist groups wishing to train teen-agers as baby sitters.

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Photos by Cecil Beaton

At Top: HRH the Princess Alexandra.

Lower Photo: The Duke of Kent, the Duchess of Kent, Princess Alexandra, Prince Michael.

Young Princess

A FRIEND said recently to Alexandra of Kent, "I find it difficult to think of you as a Princess." Alexandra replied with a wry smile, "I sometimes find it difficult too."

That remark provides the clue to the personality of the 16-year-old Princess as she is today. She is still in the transition stage. One moment she is the laughing girl who led the pranks at school, still wears her school uniform coat and doesn't mind a shiny nose. Then, suddenly, she becomes a young lady, pleading with her mother to let her use lipstick or to lend her a favorite scarf. Looking poised and lovely in a full-length evening gown, Alexandra talks knowledgeably (and often amusingly) about ballet, opera, current literature and—her great passion in life, horses.

There's every likelihood she will be as beautiful as her mother, although lately she has been growing more like her father in looks. She is tall, already topping her mother by a few inches. She is vivacious, quick to react to the moods of others and always ready with a gay rejoinder.

For her, the Coronation comes a year too soon. She will, of course, be with her mother and brothers at the Abbey ceremony, a coronet on her soft brown hair. But she will not be "coming out" this year, and will not be attending the State functions given by her cousin, the Queen.

Fortunately she likes the outdoors better than parties. To be separated from her pony, Trustful, would be worse than missing a State banquet. She and Trustful have competed in nearly every horse show for miles around their home at "Coppins" in Buckinghamshire. Alexandra is a keen tennis player, too; has to keep in constant practice to play with the Duchess who, at 46, plays a good fast game.

The Duchess of Kent has provided both stimulus and example for her children. They all draw and paint, but so far only 10-year-old Prince Michael's landscapes show promise of comparison with the Duchess's work, often exhibited in competition with professionals. It is natural that Alex-

andra should play the piano and know all the latest tunes, read voraciously and take an interest in the arts, for the Duchess's friends are nearly all artists, actors and musicians. It is not at all unusual for Sir Laurence and Lady Olivier, Ninette de Valois and Sir Malcolm Sargent to be dinner guests at Coppins the same evening.

Alexandra's upbringing has been unconventional, judged by usual standards for Royalty. As a child she cycled to a nearby private school, where she struck up a great friendship with the local doctor's twins and could never make her sixpence a week pocket money last till Fridays.

When she went as a boarder to fashionable Heathfield School, near Ascot, the Duchess asked that no privileges be granted her. So Alexandra made her own bed, tended her garden plot and helped clear the table after meals. Scholastically she did not shine particularly; simply showed "good average intelligence". Despite her mother's linguistic ability, Alexandra managed only the usual faltering "schoolgirl French"—and no other languages—when she left school.

At home, the Duchess has always been strict with her children on just two important points. Their manners must be perfect always, and their obedience prompt and unquestioning. Provided they adhere to those fundamental rules, Alexandra and her brothers have been encouraged to think for themselves.

Does the Duchess's daughter show signs of inheriting her mother's wonderful clothes sense? It really is too soon to know. She proved she has her own ideas on her recent first visit to Norman Hartnell's salon. She plumped firmly for a red evening frock. Several of her prettiest dresses are made-overs from the Duchess's wardrobe. She certainly looked young and charming when I saw her, on one of her rare trips to London, in her favorite frock of cherry taffeta with a very wide skirt and narrow shoulder straps.

Another of her trips to town was a New Year's treat. With her 17-year-old brother, the Duke of Kent, and small party of friends of their own age, she went to the ballet at Covent Garden and on to the Savoy for supper afterwards.

This year Alexandra may spend some time abroad, staying with her mother's relatives in Paris, Athens or Munich. But wherever she is, she will still be polishing up on languages, studying constitutional history, learning about the arts. She has to be ready in a few years' time to take her share in Royal duties.

ALISON BARNES

• •

And So To Bed

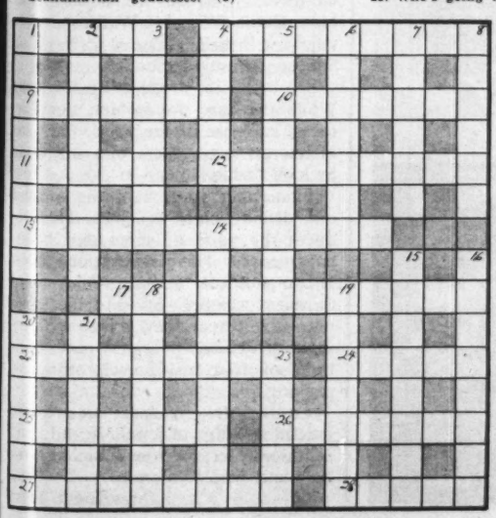
BY LOUIS AND DOROTHY CRERAR

ACROSS

1. An improper maiden? (5)
4. Truman's in wrong, thinking cows are so. (9)
9. Chide the "pro" for taking ever to get around. (7)
10. Yet we doubt if all his wages are in paper money. (7)
11. It's off the ration now. (5)
12. Certainly not a budding bride! (9)
13. Ellen Terry and Stella Campbell proved G.B.S. to be one of these. (3, 2, 7)
17. Is it an English habit to get drunk before dark? (9, 3)
22. How could a canal have turned so destructive? (9)
24. The confused type that gets into bed, perhaps, backwards, may well cause discussion—(5)
25. —when one's family sleeps outside—(7)
26. —and cupid stays in bed to become like his victims. (7)
27. A be-knighted way to be all dressed up at Camelot. (9)
28. No! The Royal Navy's kept in order by Scandinavian goddesses. (5)

DOWN

1. Did a raid over the Holy City start from here? (8)
2. Suggesting I'm putting more than is needed before you. (8)
3. Notice that the old play has closed? (4-3)
4. It smells, and how, of creeks, swamps and bogs. (5)
5. The obvious place to get a cocktail in a city. (9)
6. The happy time people wish you. (3,4)
7. How to get a bun in a black state? (6)
8. They were once the fashion for writers who started from scratch. (6)
14. Instrumental, of course, in preparation for one's execution. (9)
15. Pots? (4-4)
16. Was Casca desperate to find water here? (8)
18. A shattering warning! (7)
19. It takes Lorna to get the bird. (7)
20. Make up a lunch and let's go! Don't forget the champagne—(6)
21. —but stop me in case I pack it in! (6)
23. Who's going up to bed? Yours truly. (5)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1. Tooth and nail
9. Over eager
10. Macle
11. See 25
12. Sly
13. Dirty
14. Oyster
16. Papineau
19. Occasion
21. See 8
24. Thugs
26. Leo
27. See 6
28. Satie
29. Aftermath
30. Cutting teeth

DOWN

2. Onerous
3. See 6
4. Argosy
5. Derby Day
6. 27 across and 3. Armed to the teeth
7. Lucerne
8. and 21. Get your teeth into it
9. Orthodontist
15. Eos
17. Inn
18. Kohlrabi 20. Caustic
22. Outcast 23. Dog tag
25. and 11. Sweet tooth
27. Terse (254)

EASTER Inspirations

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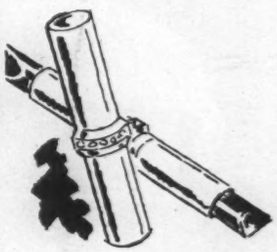

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Elizabeth Arden

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Spring...

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EATON'S CANADA'S LARGEST RETAIL ORGANIZATION STORES AND ORDER OFFICES FROM COAST-TO-COAST

Fashion

TRAVELLERS to the Coronation have a fashion prize in the two-purpose costume.

Indeed, it looks as if no wardrobe —even the wardrobes of those staying at home—will be complete without at least one such costume. For the slim strapless dinner dress, topped by a tight fitting jacket that transforms it into a suit, is a daytime-into-evening boon for everyone. It also provides an extra bonus for the traveller faced with limited luggage space — the elimination of an extra dress.

One of the most striking versions of the two-purpose costume that we have seen at the fashion shows was from Italy — a black pure silk frock with a filmy redingote of black organza striped with white wool chenille. Incidentally, Italy seems to be emerging as a strong contender for fashion supremacy. Many of the Italian designers have long been known to an intimate clientele; now they are competing on the open *haute couture* market. They are especially skilful in the manipulation of interesting fabrics and in the use of embroidery. Canadian buyers seem to have bought lavishly from their Spring collections.

Interest, too, is being shown in materials that serve a double travelling duty. Many Coronation visitors are planning to go over in April or May and then visit the Continent later. This means they must pack with a Spring-into-Summer wardrobe in mind.

For them there is the new cotton treated to look like tweed. In the cool English spring, the tweedy look will be just right, with warmth provided by a topcoat; and later, in Italy, the cotton texture will keep them cool. Chiffon has always been the wonder packing material. It takes very little space, and creases can be steamed out over the bath. Non-crushable silk jersey is another top favorite.

For evening, the bouffant is still top favorite; the Coronation influence, of course, because it does give a magnificent regal air to the wearer. But it is a packing problem. The answer is a separate crinoline that can be rolled and packed around the inside edge of your suitcase. This was one of the travelling dodges we learned from Mrs. Ouida Wagner, Wardrobe Adviser for British Overseas Airways, at Simpson's fashion show.

She had a lot of other tips as well. While they are not fashion news in the strict sense of the word, they are of interest to travellers who still want to look fashionable.

First, plan your wardrobe around one definite color scheme. This reduces the pairs of shoes and handbags needed. Have at least one stole. It can substitute for an evening wrap in warm weather. Stick to the small hat — this year they are either very small or extremely large — and stack three or four inside each other for packing.

Lastly, Mrs. Wagner stressed the careful selection of jewellery and scarf accessories to give your basic costume new and varied interest.

MARGARET NESS

Lighter Side

The Tantalizing Press

IT SEEMS to be about time once more to round up some of the neglected personalities, controversies and news items which our fanatically topical press appears to have forgotten.

Whatever became, for instance, of Lady Wonder, the equine seeress who, six months or so ago, appeared on the front pages of almost every newspaper in the country?

For almost a week reporters were kept busy consulting Lady Wonder about the future, and gathering opinions from psychologists about Lady Wonder. Recently, however, when press interviews were in order on the death of Marshall Stalin, not a single newspaper appeared to think it worth while to call for Lady Wonder's comment. Instead the press consulted Marilyn Monroe, Tallulah Bankhead and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., who answered with exasperating modesty that they didn't feel qualified to venture an opinion on either Mr. Stalin or the international situation. Lady Wonder would have knocked out an unqualified answer on her typewriter in two minutes, and for an extra dollar would have thrown in a prophecy about Stalin's successor.

Lady Wonder, however, has now become one of journalism's castoffs; which means that self-respecting newspapers are about as unlikely to carry her comments as the Duchess of Windsor is to appear in last year's hat. Dr. Alan Nunn May seems to be in much the same position. On the occasion of his release, Dr. May had the entire British press sitting up all night waiting to interview him. He evaded them, it will be remembered, and disappeared, leaving a message to say he didn't wish to be disturbed. As far as I know, he hasn't been disturbed since. Isn't *anyone* keeping an eye on Dr. May?

Adlai Stevenson's face, looking pleasantly relaxed, still appears occasionally in the newspapers. But whatever became of Estes Kefauver? Any news of Miss Margaret Truman, or Miss Honeybear Warren?

It would be interesting, too, to learn what happened eventually to Miss Armi Helena Kuusela, who emerged from a village somewhere near the Arctic Circle to win the title of Miss Universe. Armi flashed across the newsreels and the front pages for a week, but now she appears to have joined Mr. Montreal in the limbo where local and universal prodigies meet on equal, and equally negligible, terms.

We'd like to know a little more about these people. We'd like to know more, too, about those research releases that turn up occasionally in the press to whet our appetites for the singular or the desirable, and then vanish, never to reappear. For instance, what about the nylon fur coats that wear forever, look exactly like the most luxurious mutation mink, and cost less than sheared mouton? Or the laundry unit that not only performs every known laundry operation automatically, but sings "How Dry I Am" before turning off the current? Or the baby calculator, no bigger than a pepper mill, which will flash up a canasta score in an instant and throw in cube roots for anyone who is interested? Or the electronically controlled sprinkler that calculates exactly the dryness of your lawn, and is as sensitive to extra moisture as a rheumatic joint? Do these wonders really exist? If they do, I have never been able to discover any final confirmation in the press.

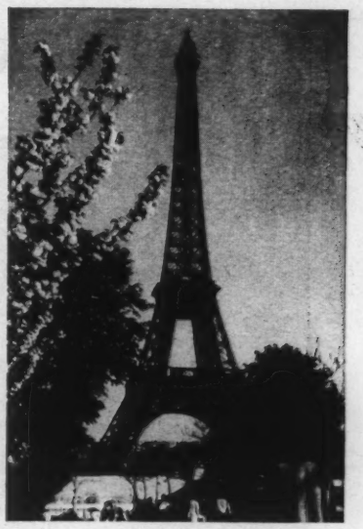
Another story that flits through the papers occasionally, and never arrives at a satisfactory conclusion, is the one having to do with Dr. Kinsey's forthcoming report. Sometimes there are indications that the report is just ready to come off the press, sometimes there is a hint that the vagaries of Dr. Kinsey's confidantes may postpone it indefinitely. I'd like to know definitely, so that I could leave town in time to avoid those coming evenings entirely devoted to a discussion of the Doctor's graphs and indices. It was interesting to read that the censorship board may take steps to keep the report from the general public. But there has been no confirmation of this, either.

Fortunately I don't have to worry about the Reverend Hewlett Johnson, Senator McCarthy, the Roses, Billy and Eleanor, Tommy Manville, Mr. Mossadegh, ex-King Farouk and our own Dr. Endicott.

A number of fascinating controversies flared up recently and died instantly away—for instance, Zsa-Zsa Gabor's public challenge to Corinne Calvet after Mlle. Calvet had issued a press statement that Zsa-Zsa was flat-chested. "Any time she feels like making a contest out of it, I'm ready," Zsa-Zsa declared. If the contest actually took place, it wasn't reported.

Meanwhile, I intend to collect as carefully as possible all the lingering data on the controversy over the Currie Report. We may be sure that once the Federal Election is over, we'll never hear of *that* again.

MARY LOWREY ROSS



Before or after the Coronation

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The Backward Glance

28 Years Ago This Week in Saturday Night

ALTHOUGH Editor Frederick Paul had mellowed somewhat from his nonconformist stand of a few years before, SATURDAY NIGHT of March 28, 1925 still carried some of the punch that he had introduced to its pages. The Front Page contained ten editorials, nearly all of them flogging such hardy perennials as the Senate, stock promotion, Canadian emigration to the U.S., tourist spending, "Who Is Running The Schools?", Alberta's anthracite coal, long political speeches, church union, and income tax. Only the last one deviates in context from editorials on the same subjects today.

In 1925 the Canadian with an income of $2,500 a year paid no income tax at all, and the man with a salary of $5,000 and two dependents paid only $80. His opposite number in the U.S. was taxed only $37.50 on $5,000, while his English cousin forked over $560 to the tax collector.

On page 2 was a photograph of the Rev. Dr. Bell, Dean of Canterbury Cathedral, who announced that he was ready to throw open all parts of the cathedral to the general public, free of charge. Somehow we were laboring under the delusion that Dr. Bell's successor, the Rev. Hewlett Johnston, had been built into Canterbury along with the cornerstone, but here, looking twice as young and four times as intelligent, was the good-looking Dr. Bell. It was a change, too, to find a Canterbury Dean who was satisfied to throw open an edifice to the proletariat, rather than the musty confines of an archaic mind.

And speaking of archaic things, a short article dealt with the re-erection of some fallen columns of the Parthenon to the position they occupied in the Fifth Century BC. On another page, a photograph showed workmen removing the statue of Eros, the God of Love, from its old stand overlooking Piccadilly Circus, before transporting it to London's County Hall.

And still another London institution was disappearing from Piccadilly Circus around that time, as SATURDAY NIGHT told of the flower girls being forced to move to make way for larger subway stations. (There's something ungallant about that sentence, somehow.) The item went on to say that "these 'girls' are termed so by courtesy only, as most of them are grandmothers." This backs up something we've been saying all along about a few of the 'girls' we picked up there at various times in our youthful past.

Under Music and Drama we read that Sergei Rachmaninoff was well received in his Toronto concert at Massey Hall, that the Greenwich Village Follies were what would be called a socko hit today at the Royal Alexandra, and that Cyril Maude wowed them at the Princess in *Aren't We All?* Maya de Cortez (there's a stage name stolen smack out of Prescott's *Conquest of Mexico*), the noted young Canadian soprano, made her local debut somewhere or other, although the item doesn't say just where. *Grumpy* was playing at the Comedy Theatre, *Madame Sherry* at the Regent, and Margaret Brown and Albert Proctor had given a two-piano program in Conservatory Hall.

The Bookshelf reviewed *Mark Twain's Autobiography, With Staff and Scrip* by Thomas O'Hagan, and *Balisand* by Joseph Hergesheimer. About Mr. Hergesheimer's book the reviewer says, "Who can forget that its creator's apprenticeship began with fourteen years of writing fiction, during which he did not get the encouragement of one acceptance by publisher or editor?" Other books received were, *Sagas of the Sea* by Joseph Lewis French, *Mr. Collin Is Ruined* by Frank Heller, *The Old Flame* by A. P. Herbert, *The Long Green Gaze* by Vincent Fuller, and *God of Might* written by Elias Tobenkin.

A photograph showed the Aga Khan, looking much younger but no thinner than in his later pictures, strolling through a paddock at an English racecourse. His horse Diophon was the favorite for that year's Derby. An unsigned article told of the efforts of Carl Akeley, noted explorer, to have a gorilla sanctuary set up in the Belgian Congo to protect this beast from extinction, although we were of the opinion that in 1925 there was a sanctuary for gorillas set up in the U.S.A., called Cicero, Illinois.

The movie *Lord Chumley* was being shown at Toronto's Hippodrome, starring Viola Dana, Theodore Roberts and Raymond Griffith. These old movie names took us back to the old guessing game we used to play at the beach, inscribing movie stars' initials in the sand. We feel as ancient as Methusalah when we remember such old favorites as Mabel Normand, Mary Miles Minter, Hoot Gibson, Art Acord and Pola Negri. When our children ask us to guess movie stars' names today we say Snub Pollard, William Haines, Johnny Mack Brown or Pauline Griffith, and receive only bored stares for our pains.

The Women's Section ran reams of copy about balls, brawls and badinage indulged in by a social set that is almost as faded today as the bison. The London Letter carried a photo of Lady Forbes-Robertson, who might be the wife of the young Flying Corps ace who shot down the first German zeppelin over London, or maybe she wasn't. A full-page picture layout showed the costumed members of the Toronto Skating Club at their annual carnival, including the Canadian champion, Miss Cecil Smith, Constance Smith, General Gunn (complete with monocle), and Mr. and Mrs. Willes Chitty. A fashion photograph showed a model wearing a sans-waistline gown described as "Of red crepe-de-chine embroidered with ivory silk and trimmed with buttons." It looks like the costermonger Pearly Queen's Sunday get-up after half the buttons had been forcibly removed by a 1925 washing machine.

As if to prove that there's nothing new under the sun, the Financial Section ran items titled, "No Real Bear Movement In Sight", "The Why Of Freight Rates", "Unemployment and Deflation", and "Over A Million A Day In Life Insurance Sold In Canada During February". A piece of information that dashed our hopes for an annual income was that an amendment to the Government Annuities Act had been introduced in the Dominion Parliament, providing that an annuity "shall not be granted or issued" for less than ten dollars a year.

Under "Farm Products and Other Commodity Prices Compared" we read that "there is a wide discrepancy between the prices of principle farm products and the cost of essential household commodities which the farmer purchases". It seems to us that we read the very same thing in last week's newspaper, and we'd be willing to bet our 1940 bicycle against a farmer's last year's Buick that this was the first thing ever chiselled in stone by a Cro-Magnon agriculturist.

INDEX

	PAGE
BOOKS	22
BUSINESS	31
FILMS	27
FOREIGN AFFAIRS	16
IF MEMORY SERVES	9
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON	11
LIGHTER SIDE	41
MUSIC	12
OTTAWA LETTER	14
PERSONA GRATA	19
SOCIAL SCENE	21
SPORTS	29
WOMEN	37

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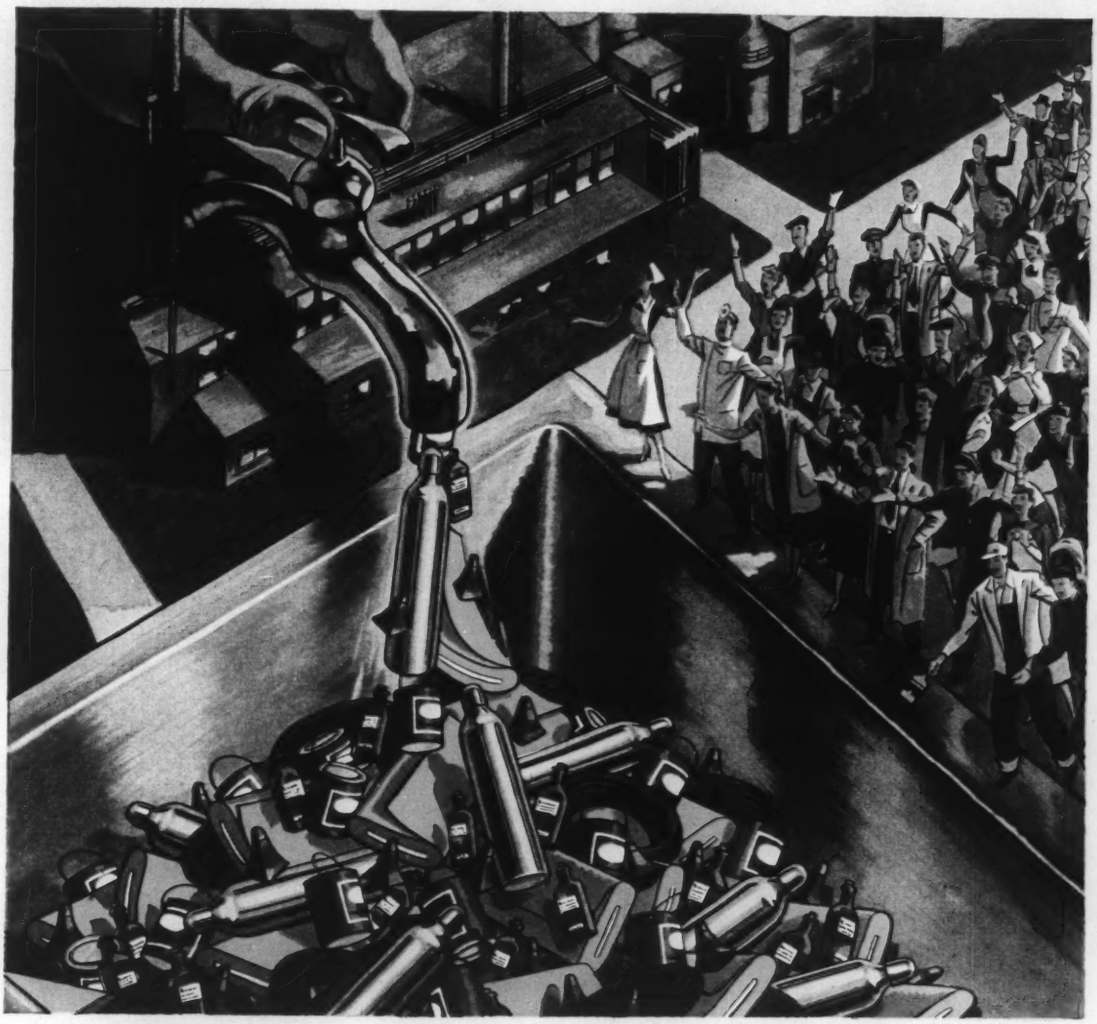

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